

CAVALCADE

April 13



For
Cov
Pool
and
WAL

COLE
MAN

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Wicked judge and wanton lady

— Page 8



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Cavalcade

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Some came back



Across they can bring back great memories to some of the men who returned from two wars.

IN the long convalescence of patients and passengers first thrown on the shore of memory many come to mind in this month of April; but I am thinking most of Sandy and Captain C.

Sandy said to me: "You were in Coolgardie when you were a kid weren't you?"

I nodded. At the time he and I

with other Australians from the Collingall Peninsula, were in a convalescent hospital in London.

He went on: "I think you told me that as a youngster you had typhoid in a place called Bullocky, near Coolgardie—"

Again I nodded, wondering what was coming. He said: "Come with me this afternoon, I'd like to show you

the house of a friend of mine—in Park Lane."

I picked up my cane, Park Lane? The domain of millionaires?

We went to Park Lane that afternoon. Sandy, by the way, was a South Australian, almost old enough to be my father. He was a quiet man; but, when he did talk, he was worth listening to.

Sure enough, we were admitted, but it was explained that Sandy's friend, the rich man himself, was with his family in the south of France somewhere. Dust covers were on everything, the great house was full of soft echoes.

But that which held me spellbound was a large room, perhaps a ballroom, round the walls of which were huge oil paintings of Australian scenes: there were the grand Australian farms, and deep landscapes where lone, overtopped hills lagged for horizons, and racks of sheep on dusty roads, our own red roads that stretched beside tall river-gums, and cattle being overladen with drovers and their dogs rumping up streamless, the very scene itself seemed to be a mis-estimated state of Australia.

It was fantastic to stand there in the heart of London, and gaze upon these scenes . . . scenes that sent a shiver of home-itchiness right into the bones.

"Astounding, isn't it?" Sandy said. "Very," I replied. "Wonderful to look at."

"Yes," he agreed in his quiet way. "Thought you'd like to see it."

Nothing more was said. We went back to the hospital. My brain was whirling with questions. What manner of man was this millionaire whose house embraced Australia? Who was he?

As it happened, Sandy and I left

London on the same hospital ship bound for Australia. One evening of glorious sunset in the Indian Ocean we were leaning on the rail together looking out over the sea. Thought had evidently been playing in Sandy's mind, for again he spoke of the millionaire friend in London. This time he told the story.

"You know," he said, "it's funny queer the tricks life plays on a man—" his eyes turned to some of the walking-wounded on the deck—"I don't mean those wounded before that war, it explains itself—I mean in ordinary, everyday life—"

"I suppose so," I said.

"That house in Park Lane—"

"Yes?" I asked hopefully.

"I should have had one like that . . . I threw it away!"

I stared at him. Threw away a million? He continued:

"When I was a young man . . . I had a mate. He was about my age. We were good mates. He and I brought the heavy boom Queensland right down to Coolgardie, in Victoria. It was a long tramp, and it cost me of wondering—that way. But, after a week there, my mate said to me: 'Sandy, I hear there's news of a big gold strike over in the West. I'm heading that way. Come with me!'"

"I told him I'd had enough of tramping the roads. We shook hands, wished each other luck. I broke the matchbox. He went across to Western Australia. His name was Bullocky; he went to Coolgardie; he made over a million in actual gold by floating companies, that was his house we saw in Park Lane. But I'm not complaining . . . although I often wonder . . . I just wonder . . . what I'd have done with a million. Well, see you later . . . I'll have a yarn with Captain C."

COMBAT: WORLD WAR II

One afternoon we crept into a town in expectation, fearful that all this was not extermin. That the glass blind walls were straining the danger return of those whom we destroyed, slowly we gained the slope-like crabs, all mutilations, others, with maddening glances. Sleep was sovereign here, our weapons might not now such grotesque silences, there was no sound of life, no movement, death reigned over his empyrean, re-purposed hand and now there his brother men beneath the Hill of Holy Cross, who was my friend.

R. G. S. TOLSON.

The hospital ship, the Kanowna, slipped across a placid sea. Many wounded had come aboard at Malta, bound for Australia. Captain C had come with them. Ever since now, I suppose, knows the lines that say "I had no sleep and complained . . . until I met a man who had no feet." Captain C seemed to have lived to prove it.

Captain C was a Quartermaster, and a hospital ship he, after all, mostly a floating hospital. There, as to the words of the great city institutions, distress and pain cry their lament to the hour; men, however heroic, are only human, and suffering sometimes

overcome resolution. He was ever kind Captain C complains.

I watched Sandy go to him. I saw the Quartermaster lift his face and smile at Sandy's smile. And I marvelled once again at the most indomitable human courage I had ever seen.

I had been at the landing on Gallipoli on that morning of 26th April, 1915, I had seen valour there. I had seen men die. The first wounded Australian I ever saw had his legs just shot off, his face was a bloody mask of regret and slow-dripping flesh. That man, a 1st Brigade man, with his rifle slung over his shoulder, came off the beach, stumbled towards the long ladder up the side of the transport on which my battalion stood ready to go ashore, made signs for a pencil and paper, and wrote:

"We're in . . . the bastards are on the rise."

They took him to the ship's surgeon. I never saw him again. I doubt if he lived. Value? Yes. I saw it all round me. I saw it up on a flag from gleams, afterwards known as Shell Green. There—when we got there—was a battery of 12-pounder howitzers, an Indian battery commanded by an English officer who wore a red band round his cap. I don't know his name—I know I lay with my notes not far from the battery and saw it drenched with Turkish shrapnel, the little machine-guns being silenced one by one. And all through that time the Englishman walked calmly from gun to gun twisting . . . a cane. He was killed.

Yes, April brings its memories. I had left Australia with the great host of transports, Australian and New Zealand, that had gathered at Albany, in Western Australia. I had shared

with all the rest when Sydney sank the German raider Emden, on the way across the Indian Ocean. With the return of my battalion I had seen the gathering of the greatest Armada in modern history at London. And I had seen at the dawn of that 26th April the launching of the Australian and New Zealand parties of the Allied host against the Turks on Gallipoli.

Now none of us were coming back to Australia. The friends and mates of months and years were still lying behind us; many were quiet in shallow graves.

But as I watched Captain C smiling and talking to Sandy, I wondered what were the real, the unspoken deep thoughts of such a man, what was reflected behind that ready

smile, for only a man of superb courage, of great faith, of steady character could have smiled above such injuries.

For—you see—Captain C was totally blind. Moreover, he had one arm off at the shoulder . . . and both legs off above the knees. He lived, and he smiled.

Great courage implies great devotion. A man married him at Malta. There, too, was a supreme example of the heights to which the human spirit can soar.

Which perhaps is why I often turn those lines over in my mind when I feel disgruntled about some trivial matter . . . I had no shoes and complained—until I met a man who had no feet!



WICKED JUDGE and WANTON LADY



The ghastly judge had declared war on all women; but a wanton wench was his down-fall

NO man ever compared so successfully to lead a double life as Jan Velgo, highly respected and honored Dutch judge whose excursions into sodomy and vice were revealed in 1892.

And so, the judge, politely reformed, sat in the superior court of the city of Bms.

But in his private life Jan Velgo had for years been playing another role. Victim of a crippled body that housed a warped rebel, he was an unrepentant enemy of womanhood.

At 15 he had been a normal, healthy, Jan-ling boy, fond of sport and dexterity.

Then came the blow that was to

change his whole existence. The brilliant young student became stricken with paralysis. For two years he never left his bed. And when he did it was in a different form. His once straight and strong body was now curved and misshapen; his once handsome face was now distorted on one side and had the appearance of a grinning mask.

The world had become a hideous place to Jan Velgo. Girls who had once cherished for his companionship avoided him. His parents were poor, so, to women he had not even one redeeming feature.

But there was one thing that young Jan Velgo still had left. It was his first-class brain, and with it he set to extract savings from all women.

And he succeeded. At 24 he became the youngest magistrate the city of Bms had ever known.

Women now began to regard him with different eyes. Mothers with marriageable daughters were heard to remark that appearance was not everything. There was a lot to be said, they reasoned, for a man with a future so promising.

But Jan Velgo was not to be drawn.

"They all want to marry me now," he confided to a friend. "God, they make me sick! I hate them all!"

But, although he hated women, Velgo did not shun them.

He began a wholesale campaign against all women—all that he could get his hands on, that is. In 1880—a judge now—quite openly and under his own name, he inserted advertisements in local newspapers, offering to advance money to "deserving girls."

Although he was only 31, his bent, crippled figure made him look much older. Consequently, when by anyone else would probably have aroused

police investigation was, in the case of this apparently aged, hairless, respectable and powerful judge, dismissed as eccentric but rather praiseworthy philanthropy.

Women of all ages, types, shapes and inclinations flocked to his chambers.

What went on there was not uncovered by the police until many years later. Then they found hundreds of photographs of the women he forced to pose in the nude to satisfy his peculiar desires.

They were all numbered, with references to huge ledgers in which were recorded the moneys they owed and utilizing details of their ages, weights, measurements and profanity or otherwise in conversation.

In 1884, however, there occurred an event which the highly cynical Jan Velgo had not bargained for—he fell head over heels in love.

Strolling in the park one afternoon, he met a little beauty who was to wind him round her finger for the next three years and eventually bring his career to an end.

Maria Harck was a 21-year-old secretary when the judge sat down on a mat beside her. She was able to calculate her bodily charms much more shrewdly than any woman he had yet met.

By playing hard to get, Marie (who later admitted she had known men previous to her), flattered the judge's ego. Then, when she at last finally consented to yield him, he had to spend everything by proudly showing her his collection of nude photographs. With a great parade of modesty and modesty, she flung out of the apartment.

After three weeks of prolonged apologies, Judge Velgo managed to induce the girl to resume their

EVEN BIRDS IN GILDED CAGES HAVE THEIR LIVELIEST MOMENTS

Love, it's stupendous! Oh, love, it's grand!

Not a single dull moment to know where you stand! . . . you start off by saying like beautiful love-birds; then you fly at each other with (respectable words).

LAKON

courtship. But he was still not ready to succumb to her demands for marriage. He determined to make one final and all-out stage upon the grandstand circuit that was Marie Herude's supposed stardom.

He took her everywhere and offered her everything—except marriage.

Maria again agreed to enter his apartment. This time, the judge had tried to be a little more cunning. He had arranged to have another girl on the scene to reassure Maria. She was one of the current favorites of his "know-what-it's about" racket.

Velgo pretended to talk this girl into posing for some photographs. She had already been instructed to appear as first reluctant, then to agree if Marie would do the same.

Of course, unknown to the judge, Marie was posing on another set of her own. For several hours she went through the motions of shocked refusal while the judge and his accomplice pleaded with her.

At last she caved in. The two girls posed and the pictures were taken.

Velgo was now Marie's object above. He promised to marry her. Only when she got this in writing, however, did she at last yield.

Maria had won the day, but she soon found the judge was a hard man to dole with. He married her all right, but her new life was not what she had imagined.

Judge Velgo ruled his home and his new wife with an iron hand. Maria was not permitted outside the front door unless he accompanied her; the allowance he gave her was even less than the salary she had earned.

It was only natural that Maria's secret eye should soon fall on the big, shuffling bulk of a man who was always hanging around the servants' quarters. That was Wenzel Corry, a native-born local heady-man who nurtured a passion for the judge's undergarments.

The Corry affliction, however, was soon transferred.

What they cooked up between them came to light a few weeks afterwards. Late one night neighbors called the police and reported that a sinister brawl was going on in the Velgo apartment.

The pandemonium arrived just as the sound of a pistol shot came through the locked front door. The pandemonium rapidly looked down the door.

Inside they found Corry lying unconscious on the floor, a nasty wound in his temple. A revolver lay on the carpet a few feet away.

Muffled shouting led them to the door of a bathroom which was locked on the outside. They turned the huge old rubber Marie Velgo.

She related insistently that burglars had held up the household. An open window was indicated as their

probable escape route. Her husband, she then revealed, had been stridently locked in the other bathroom.

Round head and doot and with his head well submerged, the dead body of Judge Jan Velgo was found lying there in a tub full of water.

Corry was taken to hospital, where doctors announced that he would recover but lose the sight of one eye.

The police then charged both Corry and Mrs. Velgo with murder. They refused to believe the burglary story.

The law-struck headstrong (it appeared) had been willing to shoot himself to make the whole thing look authentic but at the last Maria tried to put all the blame on him. Corry, completely disillusioned, retorted by producing a promissory note she had given him. It undertook to pay him 10,000 crowns for certain mysterious services "known only to the paper and myself."

Now this, however, was not sufficient for the jury. They found Corry guilty, but acquitted Maria Velgo.

Immediately the prosecution launched a new trial.

That time there was no mistake. The jury refused to believe that Maria had been "irresistibly forced." They quickly gave a verdict of guilty.

The judge sentenced her to twelve years' imprisonment. (The same as Corry).

He pointed out that she had been too clever. Had she not suggested the story of the burglary and simply produced the mass of nude photos (for which she said the judge had forced her to pose) she might have been able to claim the title of "irresistible force."

"Then," concluded the judge, "Maria Velgo was scheming and clever, but she was not sane. Perhaps she will learn the wisdom of sympathy in the twelve years before her."

What M. Corry was supposed to do in his "period of reflection" was not mentioned.



SUN POWER is possible!

CARL FEATHERSTONE



Why coal mines and black-outs when a great source of inexhaustible power lies in the sun?



NOTHING man has invented even begins to approach the sun as a source of useful energy. Splitting the atom is old stuff where "Sol" is concerned. He has been doing it for several billions of years. Basking the sunbather in a steady bath of light and heat rays to his children, including the Earth.

There are many top scientists who

are wondering why man should labor so prodigiously with atomic fission when it is being done for him by the gradient of all power plants. Up to now, the sun's prodigal outpouring of energy has been relatively neglected by the two billion humans who have got out their coal and waste signs on this minor satellite.

You, coal and petroleum are forces

of trapped sunlight and we have made good use of them. But the end is in sight there. The stored up riches of the earth will grow out on time. And that time can't be far off, as things go to-day.

Luckily for the human race there are many teams of scientists at work in an effort to find ways of capturing the energy of the sun directly. Numerous reports suggest that the Russians are very ahead of us, but at least we are doing something about it. One of the most ambitious projects to make use of sunlight directly is centered at the Southwestern Institute, under the direction of Dr. Charles G. Abbott. Another is at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, with Dr. Hoyt C. Hottel as boss.

Dr. Abbott insists that the sunlight which falls on the Arizona waste-lands contains enough energy to supply the power needs of this country 30 times over. It is simply a matter of discovering an efficient method of capturing this energy and making it available.

As of now, there are five feasible means of hitching the sun to engines which will take the place of human muscle. The two most obvious ones have been the subject of investigation by ingenuity minds for many decades. Every kid with a magnifying glass in his pocket knows that a glass lens will concentrate the rays of the sun sufficiently to burn a piece of paper.

The same principle is involved in the use of parabolic mirrors to gather sunlight and focus it to a fire point. John Ericsson, who convinced the Minister of Civil War France, spent a fortune trying to build a practical power plant with such mirrors. When his money gave out, he finally decided that mirrors were too expensive.

Most promising of present experi-

ments seems to be the "hot glass" method of collecting sunlight. Everyone knows that city pavements will fry an egg on a hot summer day. Not so many realize that the pavement loses the heat it absorbs to the underlying rock and earth because of the absence of greenhouse. When you put specially treated glass over an insulated container it is possible to raise the heat of water to far beyond the boiling point by sunlight alone.

Other methods of making direct use of the energy in sunlight include metal alloys which transform heat into electricity and chemicals which store heat as they change from a solid to a liquid.

One of Dr. Abbott's assistants on the Southwestern experiments is Dr. Marie Telkes, who has her own ideas about how to get the most out of the energy in sunlight. She uses the simple chemical principle to store the heat of the sun. Glauber's salt, a relatively cheap chemical, melts at about 50 degrees Fahrenheit. In so doing it stores a large amount of heat which is released when the salt again solidifies with a drop in temperature.

Dr. Telkes has demonstrated this permanently sealed containers of the chemical lodged in appropriately constructed walls and roof of a New England house will maintain the dwelling at an uncomfortably high temperature even through snow, dull days.

Thermocouples and photoelectric cells present even more exciting prospects for the future of direct utilization of energy in the sun's rays. The first makes use of the interesting principle of the generation of electricity when two metals of dissimilar nature are joined in a ring and heat is applied to one of the joints. The result is an electric cur-

SOME Hollywood puppets are part. Recently Richard Widmark took his tiny daughter for a hamster's holiday to the movies. And five-year-old Anna was dressed for the occasion . . . dressed in a Hopalong Cassidy suit, as a matter of fact. Complete with tawdry guns! Looped along a venerable dresser, to stagger peeped. "Little girl, you shouldn't go round dressed like that," she purred. The young Miss Widmark did not deign to reply . . . until she was out of eye-shot. Then she plucked her father's sleeve and murmured confidentially: "I guess that's what's wrong with old people, Daddy; they just don't keep up with things."

—From "Photoplay," the world's best motion-picture magazine.

rest which could be used to drive powerful motors, if the right combination of metals can be found.

Rare and efficient have commonly been joined in thermocouples in the past. Dr. Telles has discovered combinations more than five times as efficient in turning the heat of the sun into electricity. When a really efficient combination is found, all that will be needed to provide an abundance of industrial power will be construction of thermocouples on the desired scale and focusing enough concentrated sunlight on the unions of the dissimilar metals. There would be a permanent maintenance ceiling for little or no attention, with sunlight as the only fuel.

That "right" combination of metals may never be discovered. On the other hand, it could happen tomorrow. And scientific reasons for believing it exists are sufficiently encouraging to keep some of our most able physicists in a permanent state of anticipation.

Ultimate solution in the near future

of the technical problems of the flat-plate methods of making efficient and practical use of the direct rays of the sun is believed to be a certainty, not a mere probability. The greatest drawback here is that considerable areas of land are needed for efficient production of steam to drive dynamos. An acre of ground is the basic requirement for every pound of steam generated by present methods. Acres are practically free in Arizona or Nevada, but that's a long way from where power is needed in a big way.

As to what Rome is doing in this field, it isn't possible to know much of anything for sure. Recent Roman scientific publications—these Dr. Shider allows us to see—tell of great solar engine projects of a highly successful nature. They report heating steam to as high as 475 degrees Fahrenheit by sunlight, and boilers operating at pressures of as much as 30 pounds.

One of the obvious shortcomings of solar heat is that sunlight isn't dependable. Even in summer there are cold, cloudy days. Proper manu-

ture of power plants on the thermoelectric principle occasionally can get over that technical hurdle.

Already there are numerous experimental houses being heated by solar energy alone. But as yet the heat controls haven't been perfected sufficiently so that they are comfortable all the year round.

But perfection of such controls is possible compared to the big job of devising still more efficient means of wringing the energy out of the sunlight itself. Dr. Hottel at MIT, between the day when every large factory will have a lake outside, glass-covered and anchored on the bottom.

In addition to being picturesque, the lake will heat the place and turn the wheels . . . solar energy.

"It's only a matter of a few years and we can use the sun's rays for all the power we need," says the doctor prophetically.

And why shouldn't he be right? Back in the Renaissance, when Leonardo da Vinci first suggested the submarine, the tank and the airplane for military purposes, they remained merely jottings in his secret journal. Even in the 19th century, when H. G. Wells wrote "The Iron-clad" to story visualizing the use of tanks in warfare, he was prophesied. Yet all three are in practical use to-day.

When Watts and Stevenson first suggested the steam-engine, vulgar belly-laughers roared at the world.

Galileo narrowly escaped with his life for suggesting that the world was round.

Even when the first atom bomb was exploded, half the world could not imagine that it could be so.

Always ready to believe the impossible, the world is always surprised when the possible occurs.

So it may be with sun-power



An stranger passed a murderer half way round the world . . . but who won in the final heat?



CEDRIC E. MENTIPLAY

Crime

without climax

IT is an overworked cliche that fact frequently outdoes fiction. Not often the only difference between truth and fiction is that the fiction story is neatly tied up at the finish, whereas the factual one is more likely to end in unresolved threads. Take, for example, the case of the

brothers Joshua and Carl Peters, of the unswerving Sven Lindero and the skilled witness John Randolph Moore.

If all happened nearly a hundred years ago. The brothers Peters were dissimilar types. Carl, a meagre, hairy-chested, black-headed fellow, had run away to sea when he was

thirteen (which was an easy thing to do in Liverpool), and had knuckled up twenty years of lawless, adventure and maritime hard-luck.

Joshua, his olive brother, was a businessman and something of a miser. Realizing that he had at most a few years to live, Joshua sent for his brother.

Carl was a long time in coming.

For one thing, the barge in which he was serving was at Liden when the summons arrived. He had to wait until she turned around.

For another, he met an old shipmate in London. Having just been paid off, they had the wherewithal to celebrate in fitting manner his coming pool Joshua. The old shipmate was a huge twenty-headed Swede known as Sven Lindero.

The celebration took in most of the noisier spots of the London waterfront, and lasted about a week. At the end of that time a somewhat shabby and bleary-eyed Carl Peters decided it was time he headed up to his brother in Liverpool. Sven had disappeared somewhere along the way, but this did not worry Carl. Celebrations usually ended like that.

When he reached the Liverpool harbor, he found his brother dead, with a hole in his head and his brown beard safely but rifled. The police pulled Carl in for questioning, but—believe it or not—he had an alibi. There was no clue to the identity of the man who had battered the departure of Joshua Peters from this world—no official clue, that was.

Carl Peters knew differently. Sven Lindero was the killer. Of that Carl had no doubt.

It was typical of Carl Peters that he did not inform the police. He meant either to own up to his crime by running the killer down.

The murder had taken place at the end of May, 1883. Carl guessed his man would be somewhere where there was little chance of the law becoming inquisitive about the gold in his possession. That suggested two places—America or Australia. Carl was a tall order—to check every outward bound vessel of London.

He failed—but only just.

Back at the steamer office, he picked a tale to get the passengers out of the last six departures. In the third list he found it—Sven Lindero, first class, to Melbourne aboard the fast mail steamer "Australia." The only catch was that the ship had already cleared port.

A lesser man would have looked on the next steamer. Not so Carl. He ran back along the Mersey waterfront to where, towering high above the harbor-craft in the river, a great ship awaited her maiden voyage.

It was July 3, 1883. In the clipper's saloon the sturdy, active little man who was her captain was promising the unheard-of . . . to Australia and back in six months! The captain's name was James Nicol (Nell or Nishkorn?) Forbes, and his ship the "Moros Pola" passed on the brink of her undying fame.

From the day she headed out of Liverpool, Forbes forged the big clipper to the limit. She ran 1,304 miles in four successive days, clocking better than fifteen knots per hour at that period and occasionally bottling along at twenty knots. When she arrived Port Phillip heads on the morning of September 18 she was a clear week ahead of the steamer.

Then Carl found out the other side of "Bully" Forbes's character. The port was jammed with vessels which could not move because their crews had gone gold-hunting and these

A Swiss hotel-keeper is supposed to have developed the theory that you can tell a man's nationality by the way he goes off on a vacation. The Frenchman, he says, just takes a holiday with his "girl-friend"; the Britisher slips into a railway carriage with his wife and nine children; the Englishman packs his golf-clubs—but the American takes a vacation with somebody he's determined to sell something to.

were came to replace them. Forbes was determined that his skipper should not join them. He promptly armed his officers with pistols, charged his entire crew with insubordination, and dropped them under duress.

But Carl was a desperate man. He was there a week and suffered the agony of seeing the "Austrian" coming steaming up the harbor. It did something to him. The young third mate of the "Mascot Polo" had come out insubordinating to report—he picked himself up off the deck uttering a swollen jaw. But Carl was gone in a racing dree over the side.

There they were, Carl Peters and his quarry, together in the wide-open, empty, knowing town that was the latest Melbourne. In no time Carl, his clothing still wet from his swim, had located Sven Lander in a waterfront bar. Here was the perfect fiction showdown. By rights it should have been the end of the matter.

It did not happen that way. In the

bar Lander was buying the drinks, and he had many friends. When Carl tossed him with the murder, he struggled and asked what a drunken and derisive sailor proposed to do about it. Carl, who had not touched liquor since he learned of his brother's death, smiled straight in the man's face, but from behind and knifed through the left shoulder—all in a matter of seconds. Then the police threw him into goal for causing a disturbance.

There he met the man to whom we are indebted for this story. John Russell Mount described himself as a freelance journalist, but at this time he had a job (unspecified) at the Melbourne pool. He heard Carl's story and mentally noted it down.

He undertook to shadow Lander until Carl was released and fit again. In return, Carl was to keep him posted as to the result of the chase. It was a strange bargain, but it brought results. Within a fortnight Mount reported that Lander had taken passage in a lugger for Auckland. A week later Carl shipped before the mast in a little schooner headed for the Bay of Islands.

But Mount never did give his story to the world. Maybe he was hoping for that last report which never came.

Carl Peters seems to have kept his word, as far as he was able. Terribly he wrote to his friend, saying he had reached Auckland, had again confronted Lander, and had again been worried in battle "because the Sand is never alone."

Then there is a cryptic note, carefully copied out by Mount: "He has bought part of a warehouse, Island trade—signing as crew for schooner 'Tubacca.' He will not board until sailing day. Come in short-handed and suspicious—half have deserted.

A chance here — to be together in the same ship again."

There are two other entries in Mount's diary. One merely states "Schooner 'Tubacca' cleared Kaitiaki for island trade June 15, 1933—never seen again. Now I will never know—unless Carl hides."

The last entry is a clipping out from some newspaper, describing how the American whaler "Winnipeg," Captain E. Helms, had picked up a small boat in latitude 39°N South, Longi-

tude 177°30' west. In the boat was a man with "matted black hair and beard, and in the last stages of emaciation," who at first said his name was Peters. Afterwards, however, he denied that and said he could remember nothing. The whaler, however, took him to Suva where he went ashore.

Now you can see why Mount never wrote this story. What happened aboard the schooner "Tubacca"?

It's a story-four dollar question.

RUBBERS

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



how to deliver

JULES ARCHER

a baby



Who knows when you may be asked to act as gynecologist and nurse in one? Learn Now!

EVERY so often . . . even in Australia . . . some unfortunate taxi-driver or an unaffording motorist appears parking in the columns of the Press to describe how he has been forced to act as gynecologist, mid-wife, nurse and man-of-all jobs, owing to a unheralded arrival of the Skunk in some public highway.

To encourage these disconsolate

characters and also to instruct those who will inevitably succeed them, it seems in line to offer a few simple suggestions on coping with the emergency.

Casualty Captain Ter Stenrud, for example.

Captain Ter Stenrud, Scandinavian airline pilot, was enjoying the peaceful flight. They were in mid-

Atlantic, somewhere between Prestwick, Scotland and Gander, Newfoundland. Suddenly the stewardess, pretty Barbara Warrington, burst into the flight deck with turbulent news.

"One of the passengers is about to have a baby!" she gasped.

Captain Stenrud's features remained unaltered, as though he were quite accustomed to the idea of piloting a flying maternity ward. "All right," he said.

He established radio contact with the airport at Prestwick. The Scottish, hearing the news, promptly rushed the expert physician to the radio room. Meanwhile Captain Stenrud told the startled stewardess: "You will help the woman. I will get radioed instructions from the doctor in Scotland, and relay them to you. Don't get alarmed. Remember . . . you're not the one who's having the baby!"

And that was how an infant girl was born to Mrs. Leokadia Rohlski, 36-year-old Polish displaced person, high in the heavens in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean.

But the story is not a very dependable bird. Every husband whose wife is expecting a baby should be prepared to be her doctor, in an emergency.

As a matter of fact, knowing how to help a pregnant woman in an emergency is required First Aid knowledge for anybody. Emergencies of this kind happen every day—on the street, in stores, on trains, in cars, in planes, in fact, wherever unexpected accidents shouldn't expect, the unexpected happens. Yet while she could count on almost immediate First Aid for a broken leg, practically nobody knows how to help her have her baby.

You might be in the same tight

spot one of these days. The woman who needs your help, and needs it fast, might not necessarily be your wife. She might be the woman next to you on the bus, or the woman who suddenly faints in front of you on the street.

Here are easy instructions for you to follow, in the event of a maternity emergency, if the baby is being born in a home. Count them to memory, if you can. If you are an "expectant husband," dry them and keep them convenient.

When the patient complains of labour pains, this is your cue for action. The baby might be born in anything from a half hour to 24 hours. A first-born child usually comes within 12 hours of the first labour pains. A second or third child, within 2 hours. But your only rule is to stay willing as soon as labour pains commence.

If the patient has never given birth before, she might not be able to distinguish between false and real labour pains. The real thing is identified by regular and intermittent pains that may begin at 20 minute intervals, and then speed up until the time of birth. Sometimes labour pains may start with only 5 minute intervals between them. If the patient has given birth before, she should be able to tell you when her real labour pains commence, and keep you accurately posted.

Phone the doctor's office immediately, of course. Help your patient to the bedstead. Strip the bed. If rubber sheeting is available, place it over the mattress. Cover with a clean sheet. Then make up the bed with another clean sheet and a light but warm blanket. While your patient gets into a nightgown, and into bed, you can ready up your equipment.

ANIMAL ANTICS (30)

Gustavus the Gray-nurse Shark is the dozen of Can-man; he always knows the How and Where; and, most especially, When, he shudders from publicity, in punition array he lurks aloof sedately while the bathers slip and play; he's eligible to felicity and lives the simple life, deluding all the auditors by devotion to his wife, the (b)k's so inconspicuous it's a double-headline hit when his disillusioned victims swear totally they're hit

JAY-PAY

Here is a list of what you'll need—

1. A table next to a bed, covered by a clean cloth.
2. Two basins, or one pan and one basin.
3. Clean towels
4. Pair of scissors
5. 2 or 3 pieces of fine string
6. Baby blanket
7. Sterile 3 x 3 bandage.
8. Bottle of alcohol
9. Roll of gauze bandage.
10. Icebag filled with ice.

When your equipment is all gathered, do the following:

1. Wash hands thoroughly with soap and hot water.
2. Fill both basins with water, and bed.
3. Sterilize string and scissors in one of these basins.
4. If rubber gloves are available, sterilize them.

5. Place sterilized cloths on clean towel on table.

6. Place baby blanket on radiator to get warm (not hot).

7. Sterilize 3 x 3 bandage in alcohol.

When your preparations are finished, you step aside to let Nature take over at this point. There is nothing more a layman can safely do to assist in the delivery. It might be as well at this point to wash your hands thoroughly again. Well-nourished bare hands are the next best thing to rubber gloves.

Keep calm. Calm enough to assure the patient that everything is going along fine. Your patient needs and wants this reassurance, especially since no doctor is in attendance.

When the baby is born, pick it up by its feet. Keep it on the buttocks until it turns a nice pink and begins to cry. Put your finger in its mouth

and take out any mucus lodged there. Now replace the baby on the sheet.

Your job now is to tie off the umbilical cord, or flesh cord that connects the baby's stomach to the mother's body. Take one piece of sterilized string. Tie it in a simple knot around the cord, at a point about 6 inches from the baby's stomach. Make the knot tight, but not too tight. With a second piece of string, tie a second knot $\frac{1}{4}$ inches further along on the umbilical cord. That is, the second knot will be about $\frac{1}{4}$ inches from the baby's stomach.

With the scissors you have sterilized, cut the cord in the $\frac{1}{4}$ inch space between the knots you have tied.

Now pick up the 3 x 3 sterile bandage, which you have sterilized in alcohol. Lay it flat on the 6 inches of unknotted cord still fastened to the baby's stomach. Keep it there by wrapping a belly band around the baby with the gauze bandage. Now take the blanket you have been warming on the radiator. Wrap the baby in it, with face exposed. Put it in a crib, or on the bed next to its mother, feet up, and propped so that its head is somewhat lower than its feet.

It's easiest, of course, if the patient is at home when the baby comes. Your agency may be more severely tested if labor pains begin in the busy maelstrom of traffic. If it happens on the street, keep the crowds back and get a policeman to stand far on unobscured. Usually, there will be time.

If labor pains commence on a plane flying over land, pilots will generally make an emergency landing at the nearest airport. On an overseas plane, however, or a transcontinental train, get the patient to a bed in the

widest possible berth. Then if birth takes place, follow the rules given for home deliveries as closely as is possible.

A great number of babies are born in taxis, on the way to the hospital. If you're a cab-driver carrying a pregnant woman alone, or a husband accompanying his wife to the hospital, the week may arrive before you do. If birth begins, the cab should be stopped at once. The patient should be placed on the back seat, lying on her back with her feet up. Strip off your shirt to use on the seat as an emergency sheet. Blankets may be used to tie off the umbilical cord after birth, if string is not available. The baby should be wrapped and kept warm in your coat. If possible, it should be held in your arms until the cab reaches the hospital, or else placed where it is safe.

Armed with the information in this article, you should feel confident enough to ask like Dr. Kiddus any time the stock drops a bundle unexpectedly in your vicinity.



Coach-whips

were cracking



The madness of gold was in the air and the cracking of Cobb & Co.'s whips echoed it.

THE sun of madness and mania that surrounded a gold-rush green rise to the west in every man. But the discovery of gold also attracts others, more sober and more shrewd, who see in it the chance to trade in the madhouse towns and cities which spread around gold-fields.

What is why the discovery of gold in Gibra's Gully . . . deep down in the South Island of N.Z. . . had a vital bearing in opening up

communications in the southernmost area inhabited by white men and European traders the wonder of us that stretch towards Antarctica.

Naturally, many adventures flocked to the lure.

One of these was a handsome dark, virile adventurer, Freeman Cobb, who founded in 1850 The American Telegraph Line of Coaches, later to become the world-famed Cobb and Co., Royal Mail Line of Coaches.

These were the coaches that through the years picked and tossed like ships in a storm across North and South America, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. In the space of history only recently have motor-cars and aeroplanes superseded them.

To begin, to have a background to the adventurous spirit that went to make up the character of Freeman Cobb, you must go back to 1793, to General Eljah Cobb. Old Eljah, when a young man of 24, was given the command of a brig and was sent by his government to Spain with a cargo of flour and rice.

Even then, the Cobbs had a flair for attracting the unusual. Eljah's ship was captured by a French frigate and he found himself tied up in Bristol harbor riding at the bow of his ship and his papers. The horror of the revelation was at its height, Eljah records that he himself saw 1,600 people die under the guillotine.

The detention at Bristol was distressing. The starving people looted all his cargo below his ship was at last released. Eljah was determined to take the matter further and regain his ship's papers with a proper clearance. He negotiated safely the robber-infested road to Paris, demanded an audience with the great Robespierre and got it. He also got back his papers, and some too soon at that, for the great man himself experienced the White Goddess's Kiss three weeks later.

Freeman Cobb was old Eljah's grandson, inheriting qualities of determination and stubbornness which had given the old man his small fame. Freeman came to Australia in 1831 with a George Monston. The pair planned to establish a branch of Adams' Express Company; but—as is the way with visionaries—they were

too soon for the country. The wagons bogged on the muddy roads, broke axles and generally drove the pair into a fury of frustration.

Before long the two decided, together with some drivers and expressmen who had joined them from America, to begin coaching.

Monday, January 26, 1834, was the big day for Freeman and his company. At six in the morning coaches of the American Telegraph Line rolled away from the Cateron Hotel in Collins Street, Melbourne, carrying passengers for Forest Creek and the Bendigo districts.

The same day the coaches averaged into Forest Creek—a remarkable performance, for even the mail coach took a day and a half to reach Forest Creek and two days to reach Bendigo.

Punctuality and speed were the keynote of the service and both these were maintained largely to the type of coach used . . . a coach that was to become familiar in both Australia and New Zealand. Freeman's coaches were like houses made to a pattern originated 20 years before by J. S. Abbott, of Abbott and Dowling, coach-builders of Concord, New Hampshire. The Concord coach fixed the pattern for the American coach ever after.

Two-and-a-half years after the firm of Cobb and Co. was formed in Australia, Freeman sold out to another American, Thomas Devlin. Leaving his Concord coaches behind, Freeman settled for home and settled on windy Cape Cod. He passed from the American scene, but he could no more rest in his Cape home than he could have stilled the rattle of his coaches that were even then lashed to the decks of ships bound for the South Island of New Zealand.

Freeman bought more coaches and set sail for South Africa. There he

You've heard of that village
nesting in the craggy recesses
of Wales called like no
apparent reason! Llanfair-
something - or - other -
pasgodyn-hir-ydd for what
have you? Well, there's a
spot in New Zealand, which
desires to make, say please,
name that the Welsh or any
other nation can produce look
only. The astonishingly un-
pronounceable name is Tan-
serf-fawr-dyn-noddy-gwynnau-
marchnad-bydychen-welsh-
whith. They tell us this is St.
Sethon (English Welsh both No.

And that is where you will still find him . . . an Afrikaner poet . . . far from his home on Cape Cod . . . but just as peppy as any man can be who has been unable to confine his emotions, his energies, his hopes and ambitions to any (and) or one territory.

Charles Carlos Cole, tall, straight, tan olive complexion and passionate dark eyes betraying his Spanish ancestry, was the first to arrive. He landed at Dumbois on October 4, 1941, with one couch, some weapons

A year later Charles had been joined by his brother, Leander, as fair as Charles was dark. The pair had absorbed their ancient rivals, the Hopt brothers, into a company. But Charles had his shrewd eye casted further south, to the growing Everacrest.

The result was a sum of money placed on the estimates as a credit authority for a coach service connecting Caserta with Isernia.

There was also the route west to Jacob's River, the old whaling settlement. As the beach road was treacherous with quicksands and washed so many coaches, it was all Breyton could do to keep coaches running to schedule.

bles were concerned. The gold route to the north—Northern, Nukuman, Ta Anau, Wakatip, the Shotover—he insisted must be practical and reliable no matter what the cost -- and his policy paid off.

"Who is he?" asked Carlson by the next road.

Charles chuckled in a rare laugh. The name struck him as being appropriate. His Concord coaches were



THE END OF

Arguments



are macropods found only in Australia?

No, they aren't. The opossum exists in the United States and two varieties of small, carnivorous macropods are found in Ecuador and Colombia. The question, however, brings up an interesting point. Nature, in developing creature forms, inevitably made mistakes. Most of these died out; but in Australia, macropods (such as kangaroos and wallabies) and other queer forms (for example, the platypus which is a mammal but lays eggs like a bird) seem to have thrived. Perhaps this is due to the isolation of Australia, so that the only form of beasts which developed here were not weeded out by other mammals.

How fast do fingerprints grow?

U.S. scientists have estimated that human fingerprints grow approximately .0001 inches a day. The fastest-growing fingerprint is that of the middle finger of the right hand. It hits its speediest rate in summer. The middle finger on the left hand has the slowest-growing nail. All of which seems to explain why finger-and-thumb prints have enough to show.

What city has its streets paved with gold?

Johnsburyn, South Africa. This interesting discovery was made when

recently the City Council decided to widen Church Street. During the process it was necessary to remove the gutters. These were made from slabs from gold-miner dumps in the famous Witwatersrand. The gutters were taken to a stone-crusher at Crown Mines to be broken down as an aggregate for concrete. A positive test for gold was made. The slurry showed the gutters contained 10 pennyweight of gold to a ton, about three times per ton more than are being mined in Johannesburg today.

Where does meat get its flavor?

The flavor of meat, cooked at low temperature developed almost entirely from the flavor which enters the meat, according to a United States survey. The food researchers made a comprehensive study of the flavor of unseasoned cooked foods, which formed the basis for a detailed study of seasoning and flavoring. The flavor of raw meat, it was discovered, resides in its juices. The flavor of cooked meat, on the other hand, is produced by the action of heat on the fibers.

Meat flavor appeared to consist of thousands of cracked amino-acids. Which probably explains when your innocent little baby has cooked her first steak for you and it tastes like charcoal, it probably is. No matter for an egg that's one kind of food that can't lose by cooking.



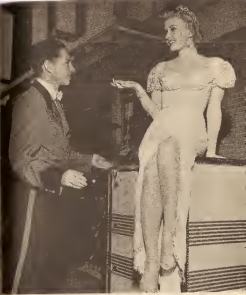
Beaux Arts and Just Beaux

To begin at Queen for a year over Hollywood's famous Beaux Arts Club is a much-sought-after honor for local (and not so local) lovelies . . . especially on the club is composed entirely of bachelors. And here's the latest of them . . . Stephanie Stevens . . . selected out of several thousand contestants. When you've finished learning at Stephanie, cost a place at the silver-plated evening-dress of her. It cost 2,500 dollars.



Yes, there's no doubt about it . . . Stephanie becks them regardless. And if they want her autograph, well that's the price of fame . . . and a pencil's always handy. Just the same, Ginger, it's time little boys were in bed . . . which is just about the last place we'd like to be at the moment.

She's aside for your elders.



Wherever she goes, Stephanie has the habit (innocent, of course) of leaving them flat in the aisles. Part of the price was a visit to a swank hotel. Stephanie, of course, brought her trunk. The page-boy arrived under his own steam. Strides on that he'd cash in for an arrival of either of them . . . nothing, under the circumstances, being too much trouble.

DICK TURPIN

was a

TWIGER



Dick Turpin has a fine reputation as a Gentleman of the Road; but intimates are inclined to asser

WALKER HENRY

The unfortunate parents were farmers of Throckmold (Gloucester); but—unusually appropriately, as later events proved—they appreciated young Dick to a father.

Before long—presumably regarding himself as skilled as slaughter—Dick left the boyhood, earned a lackluster swag called Pilgrimage, and set up a prospering business as a cattle-murderer. He also opened a butcher's shop to sell their own poisoned beef to his neighbors.

Success, however, made him careless. Two stolen carcasses were traced to his home. The gentlemen were hanging at the gallows when Turpin made an agile exit through a back-window.

Dick turned to house-breaking.

Contentedly, he confined himself mainly to farmers and small shopkeepers . . . with an occasional widow tossed in for good measure. One for whose of his methods should be ample. At Loughton lived an old widow, who (in going demented) had burned a fabulous hoard of money. Turpin decided to investigate the rumors. Forcing his way with one or two other henchmen into the widow's house, he ordered her to unroll her treasure. The widow remained dumb. Turpin threatened another. The widow still remained dumb, incensed by such obvious lack of co-operation. Turpin tossed her into an open fire. The lady was half-grilled before she consented to speak. Turpin collected £300.

There was too much for even Dick's contemporaries. A price was placed on his head. Being under no delusion as to the ethics of his gang, Master Turpin briefly became a low-wail Nightswoman.

Interest on this event, he was jumping along the Cambridge Road when he spied "a horseman, garishly dressed." "Stand and deliver!" thum-

dered Turpin, producing a pistol on the order. His "victim" replied with a vulgar half-laugh. "What day and day?" he puffed. "Come, brother Turpin, for Captain King!" Considering the very separation terms by this fellow an felony, Master Turpin must have come close to collapse.

In the end, however, handsome apologies were accepted, and the pair agreed to join forces. Hiding in a cave in Epping Forest, they harried the Cambridges and Leighton Roads.

Then Master Dick committed an unwelcome stroke encouraged by the reward, a gamekeeper and a "high-plug" (a produce-merchant) went out to snare him. He snared them instead. A snafu cracked from ambush and the game-keeper dropped dead in his tracks.

At last the hunt was really up. The reward for Dick's capture was raised to £500. He was hunted until he and King finally sought refuge in the crowded streets of London.

As Master Turpin and his army were posted in the Red Horse Inn at Whitechapel, the gentlemen spread a trap. Though caught unaware, Turpin snatched a pistol at the changing constabulary. With his usual bad judgment, he successfully shot Captain King.

"Dick, you've killed me," complained King in justifiable reproach. Without offering any reason, Master Turpin faded on into the Night.

But not for ever. Captain King lingered long enough to tell the Bow Street boys that Turpin had a hide-out near Hackney Marsh.

That was where the law found him. He rode to York, his legs straggled under the belly of a Bow Street horse. At York, he was tied, unattended to death and executed. His corpse was buried in Saint George's Church, York. The date was April 30, 1836.

DEEPLY as it may offend all children (adult or otherwise), Master Dick Turpin . . . notorious as a "highwayman" (and as the owner of that notorious mare, Black Bess; alleged here of a record-shattering ride to York . . . was nothing but a barbed-wire snaffle.

On the records—in) Master Turpin

never owned a horse named Black Bess. (4) the only ride he ever made to York was at foot-pace and under stress; and (5) apart from one short flirtation with the art, he was not even a highwayman.

To cut a long story short, Dick Turpin was a house-thief, an murderer of women and a cowardly murderer.

Crime Capsules



BLACKMAIL BIRD: Richard Widmark, of New York, received a note from a gang of extortionists, ordering him (on pain of death) to deliver a massive amount of currency at a certain place and hour. Accommodating the note were three (3) couples - pimps. The gangsters asked that Mr. Widmark would oblige them by answering "Yes" or "No" in teletype and that one copy should be attached to each of the holding papers which would be released on successive days. Mr. Widmark, however, elected to consult the police who alerted four of their pimps to track the birds. Bird One was a wash-out, his plumage was too like the sky. It crashed. Bird Two fared much better. Bird Three, on the other hand, dove like a bomb on the gang's hide-out on Long Island. Police had pointed it bright orange before releasing it.

FAREWELL PARTY: Probably the liveliest demise of any headlum in history was staged by one "Lucky" Mahoney who disappeared in England in the early part of last century. When Mahoney was sentenced to be publicly hanged for murder, he and his friends bribed a jailer who helpfully caught Mahoney as he dropped

through the trap. Next result Mahoney passed out from suffocation but did not die. The friends cut down the corpse and revived it, whereupon Mahoney began to howl with glee. Alarmed by the racket, one of his pals charged him with a stick . . . and killed him. Mahoney's corpse was then hauled into court on a murder charge, only to be acquitted without a stain on his character. Verdict: You can't kill a man who has lost, so all appearances, been hanged.

THE CUP THAT . . . One of the weirdest restrictions on record was handed down by a Swedish tribunal in the early eighteenth century. A pair of identical twins had been convicted on a murder charge and were well on the way to the gallows when they were granted a sudden reprieve. At the last moment, the authorities had recognized a glorious opportunity of testing the comparative durability of coffee and tea. The twins were offered a choice of drinking themselves to death . . . on tea and coffee respectively. The plan was to find out which would kill them the quickest. The tea-drinker died first . . . at the early age of 23. Now the Swedes never drink more coffee than anybody.



The big, black bird watched
with heavy eyes as a
lean, tattered man slipped through
the empty wastes of the desert.

RED HOT WATER

DONALD DALTON • FICTION



THE big black bird stood heavily on wide, curving, iron-shod, heavy eyes differing as it watched the lean figure of the man far below. The figure quivered a moment, then fell forward. The bird dropped wearily towards its eyes shut for any movement, even, sharp back poised ready to strike. Several times it circled the figure, each time a little closer,

until, with a flutter of wings, it landed and cautiously walked towards it.

The figure moved. Startled, the bird gave a hoarse, cry of anger and flapped away.

Ern Hansen struggled to his feet and staggered on.

As far as he could see in every direction, the desert had stretched



Sleeping drunkenly, he poured
then he fell to the earth again.

Set with a few small, bare hills scattered on the horizon. It was dead land. The grass was dry and brown and crackled when he walked on it. The trees, naked and gaunt, had died even as their branches some were raised to heaven pleading for life. Everything was dead—except him.

It was hot. He brushed his hand across his face, wiping away the

sweat, muffering the gleams of fire that played his eyes and lips.

Not even hell could be worse than dust. The sun was the devil and the wind the breath from hell's furnace. And then there was the dust, the gray, powdery dust that choked him, that filled his mouth and nose, and ears, perhaps even his brain, and he didn't know whether he was alive.

**A SAD NOTE ON A SUBJECT
OF SOME REAL
SURTLETT**

She always wears black gar-
ters.

It makes me very sad.

You'd think she was in mourn-
ing.

For those who've passed be-
fore.

JAY-PAY

It would be easier to be dead, he thought. But he couldn't just be down in the dirt and wish he were dead and expect to be dead. That would be too easy. Torment was never beaten so simply.

He looked quickly back over his shoulder, searching the place behind him. The only sign of life was a bird that circled lazily far away to the west.

"They're miles behind. They'll never catch you!" he told himself.

But he tried to walk faster, each breath tearing his raw throat and lungs.

Water! If he didn't find some soon he would go mad. There must be water ahead—somewhere!

Often he thought he could see cool, rippling streams or waterholes. Sometimes he could hear the sound of water dripping from a tap. He tried not to listen. But he had to listen. And sometimes he thought of the man he had killed.

He hadn't meant to kill him, only

to scare and rob him. But the gun had gone off and the man had screamed, and he had shot him again and again until there were no more bullets left and the man lay dead.

He had grabbed the little black bag the man had dropped and had run away. He had boarded a train, in the washroom he had started to count the money when he heard voices outside that seemed to whisper palace were on the train.

He had thrust the notes back into the bag and listened at the door until he could hear no more whisperings. Unobserved, he had opened a side door of the carriage and had stood there in the open doorway.

The air rushing past had clutched at his clothes and the bag clutched tightly in his fist, while he stood, his stomach growing sick at the thought of pumping.

Just then he had heard somebody hurrying along the corridor towards him. He had closed his eyes and jumped.

He had rolled down an embankment of loose, dry earth, and, scared to find himself waist-deep, had stood up; and, looking at the lights of the train which was already far in the distance, had laughed. Then he had started walking.

That was three days ago. Three days of thirst and choking dust, of sun and burning wind, of fire and sweat, and desolate waste.

This morning he had thrown away the little black bag with the money. Somehow it didn't seem important any more.

His head was heavy with pain. It dropped forward on his chest. The sun was burning right into his bones.

Groaning drunkenly, he pushed the collapsed figure to the ground. Feebly he tried to brush away the red film before his eyes. Away to

the west the bird still circled, hatted far it gave him new strength. He struggled to his feet.

Water! Suddenly he breathed the word, his throat all wetted up inside.

Suddenly, with a heave, cracked dry, waving his arms wildly before him, he broke into a stumbling run. Yet, before he had gone ten paces, he tripped and fell to the ground where he crawled on hands and knees over the sharp rocks and the dirt, a feverish light in his eyes.

About four hundred yards ahead of him and to his right he had seen a solitary hut.

Desperately afraid that it might vanish before he reached it, he approached the hut, intent for any signs or sounds of life. He did not think of food. He had not thought of food for a long time now. At first the hunger had been so bad as the first, but his stomach had seemed to dry up into a hard lump and he wasn't hungry any more.

The hut seemed deserted. There was no sound except the creaking of the open door as it swung on its rusted hinges.

He crawled to the door. Inside, the hut was bare.

Unhesitating, he stood for fully a minute. Then his brain seemed to swell and his heart to stop and, trembling violently, he attacked the door, beating it with his fists until the door was stained with blood.

He was turning away from the hut when he saw the well. He peered down but the shadows in the well were dark. He dropped a stone. For what seemed to be a thousand years he held his breath until he heard the plop of the stone and the splash of water.

Hyperical, he sprang to his feet and searched for a basket and rope, or a tin—anything—to get the water

from the well. Again and again he searched the hut and the ground around the hut but found nothing.

He sat down at the edge of the well and kept his clenched fist on the ground.

Water! Only a few feet away! Gobs of it! Gobs and gobs! All the water in the world! It was there—there at the bottom of the well. All he had to do was to reach down and get it.

But he couldn't reach it. Not even with his fingertips. It was a million miles away.

He grabbed a stone and flung it into the well and again heard the water splash. He flung another and another. As he heard the splashes, he grinned, his lips stretched and cracked, blood ran down his chin. A broken, sickle forced itself through his withered throat as he sat, head on one side, heaving.

This was thirst. They said you went mad before you died!

Delight blazed in his eyes; slowly he shifted his position until he sat on the edge of the well, his legs dangling on the inside. Then he pushed himself forward.

The water was cool and soothing. He buried his head in it; he gulped great mouthfuls of it; he splashed it over himself until it washed away the sweat and the dust and the memory of the scorching sun and wind, extinguished the fire in his throat and filled his empty belly till it swelled.

It was wonderful! Too wonderful! The water in his belly turned into pain, like red-hot needles that ripped his insides. He scrubbed his fists against the water, but the pain swelled and grew.

High above the well the big black bird circled twice; then, badly fed away towards the setting sun . . . like a black, desperate owl.

Run-Away's Round-About



LESTER WAY
• FICTION

The run-away came back to find
the hushers were still waiting.

HE climbed through the dipends
and went toward the farmhouse.

"Bill seem funny being Bill Jackson
again," he mused.

There wasn't anyone in the house,
so he went to the back. There was
George Abbott down by the cowbath.
He was talking aloud, talking to a
girl Bill supposed would be Ellen
Abbott. She was laying down the
law and she was talking.

"If you go near them Boston spiks,
I'll thrash you! Fix it if you are. I'll

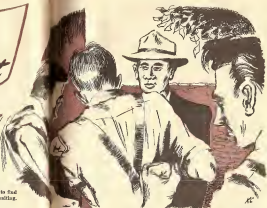
thrash you so you can't sit down!"

The girl said, "I don't need to go
there. Fred'll come looking for me,
if I don't meet him the way we
arranged."

"He knows what to expect! I told
him I'd hankowhip him all the place
if he ever sets foot on this property
again!"

She laughed. "Do you think that
will scare him?"

At that, Bill's father, who was hid-
den by some pine, moved around to
face the girl. Bill saw him.



They went at him . . . swinging their
great fists like the lock of a male.

"That goes far too far, too," Old Jackson
said. "I won't have that Boston tooth
anywhere nearing this farm."

Bill went over to them, he could
see that they didn't recognize him.

Abbott watched the unconscious
swinger of his wide shoulders and
glared suspiciously at his cooperative
cousin. Ellen's face showed the in-
terest of a man-hungry girl in a
stranger—nothing else.

Old Jackson's brow puckered. He
came to meet Bill, scanning his face
anxiously.

"Bill! You don't know me!"

His father suddenly gripped Bill's
hand.

"You've been gone a long time,"
he said. "You was only half grown
up when you ran away."

Then Abbott took Bill's hand. He
said, "Didn't think I'd ever see you

A NEWLY-ORGANIZED camera club dreamed of the day when it could have a live model for some made photographic studies. Come the big night! The model was down; the cameras were ready. Posing! The model had been wearing tight garters and her legs were deeply impressed . . . so deeply that the marks wouldn't rub off. The disappointed club decided she should wait in the next room while it had its business meeting. Discussion was heated and long-drawn out. After more than an hour, the model was again called. Cheers! She had been sitting in a cane-bottomed chair,

again, Bill. You remember Ellen?" Bill turned to the girl. She noticed that one of her eyebrows had a drop that it hadn't had when he was a kid. She felt his eyes travel over her from her feet up, taking her in . . . all of her. Her face was red when Bill's gaze got too far.

He said, "Hello, Ellen."

They went awkwardly up to the house.

After supper, old Judson managed to say, "You should of sent word, Bill. You should of let us know where you went."

"Yeah, I been kicking myself for not doing it, but I thought the coppers were on my tail."

"No, I didn't send them after you, Bill. I kept expecting you'd come back. I didn't think a kid of it could find for himself."

"It wasn't that," said Bill, "it was what I done to Paul Benton. I was afraid I'd killed him."

"Tity you didn't!" Judson scouted. Bill didn't say anything to that.

"What you been doing all these years?" the old man asked.

"Oh, I did all right. If you're needing a fire quad . . ."

"I didn't mean that! The farm's paying its way. Are you—are you

going to stay for a while?"

"Might stay a couple of months. You better set me to work first thing."

Next day Bill and his father went off to mend a fence. Ellen watched them go.

Abbott was overhearing a horror in the shed right near the house.

Fred Benton came to the back door; Ellen went out to him. Abbott saw that, but he didn't see the other Benton brothers, Paul and Bert, beyond the house.

Ellen kept a distance from Fred. She was saying something to him in a low voice.

Old man Abbott reached for the whip that was coiled up, hanging on a nail. He cracked it, snapped it hard, and started for Fred Benton.

"I told you what to expect," Abbott said. He let the lash swing back.

Fred didn't move. His big body stood still. In his dull face, his little eyes were hot with malice as the whip began to sting, cutting through the air at him.

Paul was coming at the old man from behind. His fist struck Abbott's hand. Fred lunged and grabbed the whip. Bert came in, swinging a kick.

The heavy boot got Abbott in the middle of the back. He went down;

Ellen screamed as Fred started using the whip.

The back came down on the old man's back; Ellen screamed again.

Bill and his father heard the girl scream. They got to the house, but the Bentons were gone.

Ellen was crying, and washing the blood off George's back. He was lying still, not moving much, only coming under his breath.

Bill and Judson looked at the bleeding back. They looked at the blood-stained whip.

"You got here just in time, Bill," Judson said. "You used to be able to look all three of those boys put together."

"They were just kids then," said Bill.

"They were bigger than you, though. Scared of them now?"

Bill turned away. He said, "We got no need to fight them now. Ellen won't want them about after this."

Ellen jumped to her feet.

"I hate them all! I wouldn't have Fred within a mile of me!"

"That's what I reckoned," said Bill. "We don't need to bother about them any more."

"Shut up, blast you!" yelled Abbott. "If you won't settle accounts with 'em, then I will! I'll . . ."

Judson took down the rifle they used for shooting wildcats.

"We'll settle it," he said. "If the city has made Bill too soft, then I'll have to do it myself!"

"Give me that rifle," said Ellen. Bill took the rifle out of his father's hands. He hung it back on the wall.

"If anybody's getting after them, I'll be on," he said. "But we're not going over looking for a fight! Best thing we can do is tell them we've learned our lesson, and don't want any more fighting."

"What's come over you?" Judson asked. "You never used to run away

from a fight when you was a kid."

"Aw, I had a gal-full of fighting," Bill said. "I gave it up."

"I wouldn't aim to kill 'em," Judson scowled evenly.

They all went about as that. Judson went slowly out on to the veranda.

Ellen started spreading ointment on her father's back. Judson was stamping up and down on the bare boards.

After a while he came back.

"The Benton boys'll just reckon you're scared of them," he said.

"They'll give you a thumping worse than they gave George."

"Maybe they'll try, but it won't get them anywhere," said Bill.

"No danger of that!" Judson growled. "I know these Bentons!"

Abbott looked hard at Bill.

"You've forgotten what the Bentons are like," he said. "If you can talk to them the way you plea, and not have to fight the whole pack, then I'll believe anything. I'll even admit they can't digress."

Bill came out with his double-breasted fitting, using around his hips and leaning over his broad shoulders.

"I don't reckon I'll be gone long," he said.

They watched the smooth carrying of his shoulders as he went.

They were still standing there when a car passed its way to the house. Two men got out.

They had heavy jaws and hard faces. They came toward the house side by side.

"Which is Judson?" one of them asked.

"Right here. I'm Judson."

The stranger looked at old Judson as if he was something they would crush.

"Whom's Darby?"

"Darby? Nobody named Darby here."

"You got a son, though. He came

home yesterday. We know that!"

"You mean Bill?"

"Oh! So his name's Bill? Where is he?"

"He left just as you drove up—gone to a neighbour's place. What if you want with him?"

"Just want to see him."

They moved closer. One of them brushed lightly against George Abbott's back. Abbott's face flushed with pain.

"You want to watch . . . " he started.

They wheeled on him. "What's wrong with you?"

"His back's sore," old Judson put in. "Some backwashers got at him with a whip this morning."

The men exchanged glances. "And Darby—that is, Bill—he's gone to see them, eh?"

"Look here! It's a family affair! It's no good strangers busting in!"

One of the men took his hand out of his pocket and Judson saw the badge it held.

"Oh! Don't!" Judson blinked. "You can't enter him? He ain't wanted for . . . ?"

"Maybe we want him, maybe we don't. We've got to see him, though, and it won't do him any good for you to stall."

Judson said: "I'll better come along and show you the place."

Bill didn't see the police car following him because the track twisted among trees and bushes. He got to the Boston place, and heard the boys talking down by the barn. He went around a haystack and came on to the three big boxes all in a bunch.

Judson and the detectives heard the voices, too. They got around the haystack, within sight of Bill and the Boston boys. One of the cops noticed them back.

Bill went up to the three brothers

"George Abbott and old Judson," Bill said. "They sent me along to talk to you."

Fred asked, "What for? Do they want some more like we gave Abbott?"

"No, they've had enough. They reckon the score's even."

"Where do you come in?"

"I'm Bill Judson. You remember?" "Bill Judson?" Paul's eyes went small and bright. "Are you've had enough fighting? You left me half dead and run away so we couldn't get back at you! So you come home and want to . . ."

"You almost killed George Abbott today! Don't that make it even?"

"That was George Abbott!" Paul said. "It don't make up for what you done!"

Paul came up close. He was bigger than Bill and built like a bull.

"I've been seeing this up for you?" he said.

He swung at Bill's chin. Bill didn't let his hands; he didn't move his feet. His body swung; his head went to one side; the blow spent itself in the air. He pushed Paul away.

By the haystack someone whispered, "The damn fool! Don't be know that's Darby Carrigan; he's . . ."

"Darby Carrigan?" old Judson gasped. "You don't mean . . . ?" "What-ah! I want to see that!"

Bill was talking calmly again. "Don't try to start a fight, Paul, I came over to patch things up."

The three brothers rushed him.

They went at him, swinging their arms—great fists, with the power of a kicking mule behind them—and they couldn't understand why they didn't hit him.

They came and got their balance and Bill was still there, within easy reach. They lunged again.

Bill didn't hit back. He used a foreword—that was all. Paul rushed



1.



2.



3.



4.

**A SHORT WARNING ON
THE DANGERS OF NOT
STOPPING FOR THE
LIGHTS**

A moppel named Marcelline
Mangush
was filled with unresolvable
argush,
still she went for a ride
by the local wolf's side
and now she does nothing but
languish.

LAKON

in strapping his belt. He brought
it up at Bill's stomach. Bill back-
mowed and missed the kick. Fred
reached for a pink handle lying on
the ground.

Bert's eye fell on a pitchfork leaning
against the barn. He went for it.
"They'll kill him!" said Jackson.
"They'll . . ."

Bill stopped using his forearm. Fred
never saw the blow that sent him
down so hard that he didn't move
for ten minutes.

Fred got his hand on the pink
handle and straightened his back. His
mouth was falling open. He saw Bill
coming, and he started sweating the
chick. He knew sagged with the
folk on the point of his chin. He
went down on his face.

Bert wheeled swiftly, turning the
pitchfork around on Bill. But Bill
stopped quicker than Bert had ever
seen a man stop before.

"Drop that fork and talk sense!"
Bill yelled.

Bert hanged with the fork.
He hanged blankly, with all his

wright behind it. Bill side-stepped,
just enough to let the fork slide past
him.

He used his right, and old Jackson
saw him minimize the blow as he
drove it to Bert's jaw. It looked like
a lefty tap, but Bert went down as
heavily as a stone would fall.

"Well, Darby?"
Bill saw the Doc's
"The Yank died. Didn't you know?"
one drawled.

"I thought he might," Bill said.
"Now, listen, Darby. He fouled you
every round, didn't he? And people
are saying that you set yourself to
kill him, that you chopped him to
pieces till he was helpless, and then
put everything you had into that
deadly right you've got. They're say-
ing it was plain murder."

"Did you see the fight?" Bill asked.
The detectives nodded.

"Remember how he battered me in
that knock-out round? He hand got
me on the shin and sent me groggy.
I was out on my feet when I hit him.
I'd have never let go like I did, if
I'd known what I was doing."

"We came out to change you and
take you back, Darby."

Bill looked at his father.

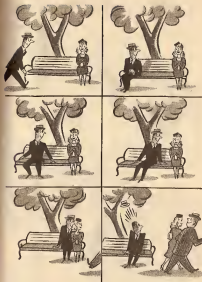
"Sorry, Dad," Bill said. "I meant
to stay a while."

"But we've changed our minds," a
detective said.

He pointed to the silent Buttern.
"We saw what they tried to do just
now, and what they did to that old
man. Herest, Darby, I was hoping
you'd use all the dynamite you've got
in that right hand. But you didn't."

"I gave them all they needed. I
put them to sleep."

"Sure, and that's how I know you
didn't mean to kill the Yank. Now
get back home! I'm going to throw
a stone into three rats that they'll
never forget!"



No HONEY out of Honeymoon

By GIBSON

When she poses her beautiful curves in the wardrobe . . . And then, with the aid of hundreds of kindah "bobby pins" she makes her head up to resemble a bad-tempered hedgehog . . .



After hours spent carrying out relentless roses in the bathroom, she appears with—horror of horrors—what appears to be a hot-water bottle! Later, you discover to your great relief that it was only an ice pack. [White]

Next, with all the sweet perfume of a duodaproyer's establishment, she reports the sleep—oops, sorry, finger—



But the unkindness put off to when you dash into the bathroom for a quick glass of water . . .

And return to find her fast asleep! . . . Ah, sweet mystery of wife!

STRANGER

and Strangers



A PORTABLE BOUDOIR has been patented. A combination dressing-room and shower bath is collapsible affair that can be carried to the beach under one arm was amongst the inventions on which the U.S. Government issued patents recently. The inventor is Franklin E. Brown of Los Angeles.

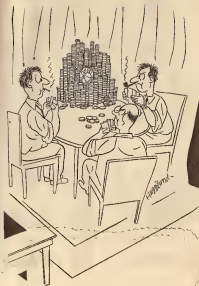
A SUBMARINE driven by atomic power and able to stay at sea almost indefinitely is being designed in Britain. Recently, plans were shown on official drawings of the submarine at the Harwell Atomic Energy Establishment in southern England. The drawing showed the usual "pile" in thick lead to protect the crew from radioactive neutrons, beams and gamma rays. As the plutonium in the pile is fissioned, intense heat is generated. This converts water into steam, which is fed to turbines to turn the propeller shafts. When refueling is necessary, the submarine is docked at a special quay. Part of the casing is lifted off and the entire section containing the reactor is removed by crane.

IN U.S., the only town in which every person bears the same surname is Cerdops, New Mexico. All males among its 186 inhabitants are direct descendants of a Mexican named Vigil. When he founded the family

centrarily several generations ago, Vigil ordered that no outside men should be allowed to join it. Believe it or not, they took him at his word.

AN EAGLE'S EYRIE, discovered near Vermilion, Ohio (U.S.), in 1869 had been built on the top of a tree, eighty feet from the ground and has never been equalled by any other bird's nest. The eyrie was destroyed by a storm in 1919. Its fragments revealed that it had been eight feet in diameter, twelve feet in height and two tons in weight. Scientists who kept a watch on the eyrie from a near-by observation postmen declared that it had been occupied by the same family of eagles throughout its thirty-five years . . . a record probably unmatched in the annals of natural history.

OVER-EAGER BEAVER: In the Missouri State Penitentiary (U.S.), a team of convicts were building a dead-end to the last mile . . . a gas chamber. Suddenly, one of them, Robert West, 22, downed tools and informed his workmates, "I think I'll get out and kill somebody and then they'll get to use this thing on me!" He did—and they did. His victim was Mrs. Vivian Devaden, for whom West carried an unrequited torch.





ranching... it's riotous

Go on the herd, you mean! Get ahead of the race before you're romped to death in the oval . . . and you will be, if they all come this way in the wide open spaces. Who is that . . . she's Gypsy Jane Blackfoot, who's one of the doctores of her father's ranch in South California. Believe it or not, in between times she does modeling in Hollywood.



But Baker's a real ranch girl at that . . . and when she gets to swinging that lariat . . . oh, you lucky horses, you won't be able to get out of her grasp. She really does know her stuff . . . any odd chores about the ranch and she's ready. If any more walls are needed, we'll willingly substitute.



Unlike Anne, however, Babe doesn't need to get a gun . . . they just come and eat out of her hand . . . poor, little colt, it's a shame he isn't old enough to appreciate his advantages properly . . . If there's anyone a spot larger in the tooth about the house, please step forward . . . but jilt hold back a moment till we get a reasonable start

pointers to BETTER HEALTH



SMOKEE LUNGS . . .

Excess smoking of tobacco is one of the chief causes of lung cancer today men, announces the Journal of the American Medical Association. A report issued by Doctors Everett A. Graham and Ernest L. Wynder covers 168 men patients with proved lung cancer. Of these, 84.5 per cent were "moderately heavy" to "chain" smokers for many years. In a group of 114 men patients without cancer, only 12.2 per cent were heavy smokers. Lung cancer was very rare among light smokers and non-smokers. In the study, those who smoked 15 to 20 cigarettes a day were classed as "heavy"; those who used 21 to 34 were "moderate"; and those who used over 35 were "chain" smokers. Tobacco plays a sinister role in causing cancer in women.

NEW ARTERIITIS CURE . . .

Compound F, a hormone extract almost identical with cortisone (chemical treatment for arthritis and other IBO), has been isolated from the blood. A research team at the University of Utah College of Medicine isolated the compound in blood from the adrenal glands of dogs whose glands had been stimulated by doses of the pituitary-gland hormone ACTH.

NON-FATTENING SUGAR . . .

A non-caloric sugar substitute that will sweeten without fattening has been announced by the Abbott Laboratories, Chicago. Christened "Succaryl," the product can be used on diabetic as well as reducing diets. It has no bitter after-taste (as has saccharin) and it can be used in cooking without losing its sweetness. One tablet of one-eighth of a gram has the sweetening power of one teaspoonful of sugar.

ALCOHOL CURE OUTED . . .

The post profile of giving alcohol in cases of heart disease known as "coronary poisons" should be changed, declares the Journal of the American Medical Association. The report states that, contrary to general medical opinion, alcohol does not dilate the heart arteries. Narrowing or closing of a heart artery causes the agonizing pain of angina and physicians often prescribe an ounce or two of whiskey or brandy as a routine prophylactic measure for patients, advising it especially before effort or excitement that is likely to bring on an attack. "The view that a glass of whiskey is the equivalent of a glyceryl trinitrate tablet for an angina patient should be rejected," the report ends. "The whiskey depresses the pain of angina."

find

your own

PHOBIA

Who's afraid of the big, bad phobia . . . just go catch a pet one; there are plenty to choose



GAY DOYLE

LIFE'S getting too damned complicated, don't you think? Once . . . way back in those nice, Bad, Old Days . . . if you suddenly felt that you hated the human race and couldn't stand the idiotic smirk on its silly face a second longer, you merely circumcised people that you were a Hermit and tutored off to some secluded cavern to mull. It was

just as easy (and unrewarded) as that. And the minority suspected you for it, too. Why, sometimes they even killed terribly sound when your back was turned and littered your nose with crusts and cold hot-pits and the left-overs of yesterday's dinner as tokens of their esteem.

Why, even little children being put to bed would know you by hearing

and would be driven into suicidal convulsions by their over-loving mothers intoning to them: "Now, go bye-bye! If you won't go bye-bye, we'll just send you along to spend the night with that old hermit up there."

If the kids didn't go to sleep then, they'd be unconscious.

So mothers would reverse you; the populace would advise (and advise) you; you'd even be headline news . . . if there had been headlines in those days.

But could you do it today? Not on your life, you couldn't.

Before you were well outside the city limits, you would find yourself mobbed by a swarming swarm of psycho-analysts (taximeter and otherwise, if there's any real distinction) . . . all glooming at you with hypnotic stares and muttering grimly "agoraphobic" or "endrophobic" or "derogophobic" or other unpronounceable words.

It seems that you just can't be a plain, common-or-garden Hermit any more. It's no use protesting that all you want to do is be alone (like Garbo). No one will believe you. You must be suffering from "agoraphobia" (flood of open places, to you) or "endrophobia" (flood of walls) or "derogophobia" (flood of crowds).

That's what science has done for you. Apparently, it is now impossible to be born, to pass from your first to your second childhood taking things as they come, and then expire without fuss. You must stalk through life, dogged forever by some ghastly demon of fear. And one scientist has estimated that there are 65 of these demons from which you may choose.

There is even one that will lead you to spend your years in perpetual terror of sickness. (Only bacterial in-

ferment has unfortunately neglected to advise me of the name of this particular phobia.)

It is an awful prospect to face and, as the record, it all seems to stem back to Phobos.

Phobos was the Greek God of Fear; but the Greeks appear to have kept him more or less in his place. It has remained for modern science to set him rampaging at large, so that—whatever you do nowadays—he (like any other Greek) "has a word for it."

Do you dislike lying on the bench under the full glare of the mid-day sun and clad in little else than a G-string? Yes, you don't want to be sunbust! Don't be stupid! You are obviously a bad case of "heliophobia." Deep in your sub-conscious, the mere thought of the sun scares you stiff.

Do you pull the shades when there's a full moon? Yes, the light keeps you awake. Don't be stupid! You should be in a strait-jacket, you are an advanced example of "lunaphobia" (moon-aversion).

Do some of the guests at your wife's tea-parties give you a violent run in the ribs of the neck? Do you deliberately remember a "prior engagement" on these days of domestic debate? Yes? Beware! Beware! You are showing symptoms of "anemophobia" . . . that withering disease of shirking from meeting strenuous people of either sex.

When you are walking through the bush and you meet a death-addle in your path, do you bound blithely aside? Yes, you've heard of death-addles before? Don't bluff yourself, brother! You've just ridden with "herpetophobia" . . . silly fear of snakes.

You snigger from night-dub in right-club dress party to party, from Do to Do? Yes, you get a lot of fun out of it? Don't be dumb! Like

business politicians on their best, night-watchman, propensities of all-night hamburger stands, and oil-burgles, you are already afflicted with "hypnophobia"—a secret dread of going to sleep.

There's no end to it. You feel sick at the stomach at the thought of wearing a neck-tie! That's "Necrophobia"—fear of the new and the untied—there's what the matter with you.

A cricket-ball whizzes past your head and you dash? Take care! Take care! With pointed noses, hair, actors and those who walk under ladders, you have been stricken by "leptophobia" . . . the dread of being hit by falling objects.

You goggle looking at a dose of cancer oil? Be brave! Stand yourself! You are in grave danger of becoming a "pharmacophobia" . . . a futile wailing who can't take his medicine.

Perhaps, one dark night, you swooned into an unlighted cupboard and touched something hairy? What happened? You swooned, so but that you almost fell flat on your back?

Now, is that any way to behave? Don't you know it's a warning of an imminent "horophobia" . . . the aversion of flinching for against flesh.

(Horophobia. This disease is apparently less prevalent among women, most of them mounting quite bravely to meet it.)

Or perhaps the thought of work makes you trem? Dearth the thought! You are smitten with the disease of lumps, lumps, oval servants, nodules and verrucae then . . . "angiophobia" . . . a wholehearted discount for hard graft.

Then there is "toxicophobia" . . . a truly alarming malady. This makes the victim believe that everything he eats or drinks is poisoned. The chief sources of infection are milk,

way refreshment rooms and the bars of night-clubs.

Even worse is probably the more innately titled of all the "phobias" . . . "choreophobia." The chief ailment here are all modern earth, retard schools, prolonged exercises and supporters of the Six O'clock Closing Act. The illness generally takes the form of violent and vehement protests against fire in any shape or form.

And there are hundreds of others . . . "acrophobia," fear of heights, "astrophobia," fear of heaven, and "gynophobia," fear of women (these are interchangeable); "agrophobia," fear of dogs (very prevalent among the ranks of travelling salesman); "phobophobia," worrying for fear that you'll worry; and "eleuthophobia," dislike of crowded spaces (common to all jails and penal establishments); "leptophobia," dread of dark cellars and also "chromophobia," dislike of startling colours (very widespread amongst Scotsmen).

Widespread, too, is the strange "brachidactylobyphobia" which causes rapid palpitations of the heart and cold sweats at the mention of the number 11. A large majority of the collectors are dinner business and have buyers.

Erysipelas heralding an attack indicates a tendency for the hour to stand on end, a creepy-sweaty feeling in the flesh, and a tight, prickling sensation of the skin.

Which . . . interestingly enough . . . links this group with those who are known as "dermatophobes" . . . psychists at the more risk of pruritis.

As a matter of fact, no man is exempt. For example, have the police disappointed you lately? Then you probably have at least a temporary touch of "hippophobia."

Does the office Cassowary, gauded with the galls but second malice?

Then be suffice from far-petate better-enjoyed "manicophobia."

That suspect counting her relatives so carefully in the safe that she scarcely has time to scratch a moultle is a glaring instance of "ipophobia."

Those characters who choose to display their stances of intelligence on radio conversations aren't really trying to win prizes. They're all in the grip of "graphophobia."

Those groups of hoodsy-tops and lobby-actors lurking up the street

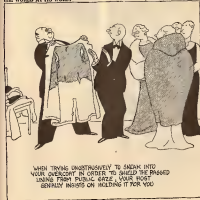
careless aren't congregated there for the pure pleasure of each other's conversation. They're waiting in the throes of "monophobia." They're frightened out of their wits for fear they'll be left alone with themselves.

There's no escape and we might as well admit it. Even I—who have tried my best to sever all diplomatic connections with the whole vulgar matter—am not immune. I am hopelessly afflicted with "unmonophobia." I'm afraid of my wife.

And she knows it.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



WHEN TRYING OBSTINATELY TO SHED INTO YOUR OVERCOAT IN ORDER TO SHIELD THE BARED LEGS FROM PUBLIC GAZE, YOUR HOST CERTAINLY INSISTS ON HOLDING IT FOR YOU



By Elizabeth

mother shipton hoaxed them

The famous Seeress wasn't all she seemed! but some very good publicity boys made a very good cop for her.

FORTY-FOUR years before Columbus sailed for America the world's most quoted prophetess issued the statements which were to ring down through the ages, to be chanted and cherished by millions, and at the time to bring death, destruction and terror to many.

In 1484 Mother Shipton foretold the tragic but politically profitable death of Cardinal Wolsey, the bewitching of Mary, Queen of Scots, Sir Walter Raleigh's trip to America, and Sir Francis Drake's defeat of the Spanish Armada. She even criticized the use of telegraphy and railroad trains, and events as unique as the California Gold Rush and the

building of the London Crystal Palace. One of the few predictions which did not come true, but which caused considerable disturbance, was her prophecy that the world would come to an end in 1851.

Such a gifted seer as Ursula Shipton certainly deserves the centuries-old fame which is accorded her.

However, her infallibility lies in the fact that all of her known statements were, however, perpetuated by different men at different intervals, each time for personal gain.

The prophecies of Mother Shipton were published in three stages, each appearing after the events prophesied had come true. The first appeared in 1841 (at least a century after the woman had died), the next in 1867, and the last in 1921. All three were published by men who had "recovered her ancient writings," and were presented to the public at excellent prices, and all three prophecies enjoyed bank notes and made the fortunate "discoverers" rich men.

The first fairly reliable manuscript was published by Richard Lowndes in 1841, and was called "The Prophecies of Mother Shipton in The Reigns of Henry VIII, Foretelling The Death of Cardinal Wolsey, The Lord Percy And Others, As Also What Should Happen in Coming Times."

It was this prophecy that started Mother Shipton as her fantastic road to fame.

Here is the story according to Lowndes: As soon as Henry VIII became King, he announced that Cardinal Wolsey would be in York, where Mother Shipton was living at the time. When she heard the news, she immediately announced that the Cardinal would never set foot in the city. The Cardinal heard about the woman's words and sent the Duke

of Suffolk, Lord Percy and Lord Darcy to investigate. The three journeyed to York and found the lady's house. They were invited in and given cakes and ale. Lowndes tells us they were "drunk and merry."

Finally, they got down to the business for which they had come. Just what did Mother Shipton mean by saying that Cardinal Wolsey would not be in York? She should realize that when the Cardinal did come he would have her burned as a witch.

Mother Shipton took the news calmly. Then she apparently took the handkerchief from her head and threw it into the fire. It did not burn. She next threw her staff into the fire. This didn't burn, either. She told her startled guests: "If this had burned, I might have burned," and that ended the interview.

The three gentlemen (according to Lowndes) returned to the Cardinal with their word tale. He took it lightly, and started on his journey to York. When he reached Corwen (now Corwen) he stopped for the night. He asked his host how far York was, and was told the town was only eight miles away. He next heard again he there, and turned in to rest.

The next morning Cardinal Wolsey received a message from King Henry ordering him to return to London immediately. The Cardinal obeyed, and died on the way, thus fulfilling Mother Shipton's prophecy.

This dramatic story was spread all over England by Richard Lowndes. However, history will not let us accept the facts.

Henry VIII became King of England on April 22, 1509, and Wolsey was only a dean of Lincoln at this time. He became Bishop of Lincoln in 1544, and was finally made Car-

died in 1415. But, according to Lowndes' story, Wolsey was a Cardinal when Henry first sat upon the throne!

According to some authorities, if Ursula Shapton was born at all, it was probably in 1485 or 1486, while Lowndes dates her prophesy thirty-eight to forty years before she was born!

The first biography of this unusual woman appeared along with a new group of predictions, in England in 1681. It was put together by an Englishman, rather of that period, Richard Head.

The author explained on the title page of his new manuscript that the words to follow were "strangely preserved amongst other writings belonging to an old monastery in Yorkshire." He further declared that when he had rescued the script from the unusual monastery, it was undecipherable. But, realising its value, he stepped gulls in white wine and gave the script a bath in the brew. It immediately became as newly written.

According to Richard Head, Mother Shapton was unmarried, and was "Miss" Shapton. He did not explain the reason she was previously called "Mother." She was the daughter of a farmer and the Devil.

The strange Agatha and her five-teen-year-old sister were the parents of an unusual child. Head quotes the neighbors as saying of the newborn child: "She had very great goggling, but sharp and fiery eyes; her nose was of incredible and unproportionable length, having in it many crooks and turnings, adorned with many strange plaques of diverse colors, as red and blue mixed, which, like vapours of brimstone, gave such lustre to the afflicted spectacles in the dead time of the night that one

of them confused several times that her arms needed no other light to assist her in the performance of her duty."

Agatha died soon after giving birth to the child, whether from terror at seeing the baby, or whether it was her lover, Mr. Head does not say.

The Dictionary of National Biography, which some suspicious people might consider more accurate than Richard Head, expresses doubt as to whether Mother Shapton ever existed. It says that the book referred to in a catalogue in Lowndes' pamphlet of 1681 which supposedly marked her grave "is really a miscellany of anagrams. This is in a York Museum. It is said to have been originally one of the sculptures of an Abbey, demolished at the time of Henry VIII and said to have served for a period as a boundary stone. Another stone called 'Old Mother Shapton's tomb' in Somerset has proven to be a modern copy of a Roman tablet."

One fatal prophecy, however, was to show that Mother Shapton was not infallible. This was the one which went:

"The end of the world shall come in 1881."

Word spread over all the country, then to the continent, that the world was finally coming to an end. Work was stopped. People left their homes and flocked to the churches. Prayer meetings were held nightly. Guards were posted to handle the terrible coming event. Weeks rolled by, months rolled by, and when 1881 rolled by, it was announced that there had been an error. It should have read:

"The end of the world will come in a year that's known to none."

History has yet to prove that the most quoted prophecies on earth ever uttered a prophetic word here!



"Hi, Joe!" "Hi, Ed!"

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 75)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.S.A.I.A.



CAVALCADE often is a suggestion—a house plan that is modern in conception without making any radical departure from the orthodox...

The living and dining areas are in one room, but the shade is such that the illusion of two separate rooms could be created very easily. The combined area gives an impression of spaciousness that is not often found in a house of these dimensions. Deep windows and a pair of glass doors opening on to a stone-paved and flower box enclosed terrace, add further to this impression.

The main entrance is across the

terrace, and the entrance hall occupies the minimum of space. It provides direct access to the living room, the two bedrooms and the bathroom. Both bedrooms are fitted with built-in wardrobes, and there is a roomy cupboard in the hall. The kitchen is equipped in the modern manner.

There is a rear porch which is especially convenient in wet weather. Both the kitchen and the laundry open off this porch.

The overall area of the house is 1500 square feet. The minimum frontage required to accommodate it is 60 feet.

**modern-but not
conspicuous**

nobody mourned

"the gasman"



He was a fighter to the core, but he also had something the fans hated.

FRANK BROWNE

BUSINESS was brisk in the Swan Inn, on the night of December 18th, 1882. The inn stands on the Great North Road, which runs up through England like an artery, but the three in the tap-room, fortifying themselves against the bitter cold outside with rum, recalled ale and porter-gilt, were not ordinary travellers.

They were members of a crowd

of thousands, who had got their bones half-frozen that day, on closing Herpston Common, watching and betting while the brute-hardened state of Tom Shalton had pumpeled Josh Hickson into submission. Coffins, spurs, dandy coats and not a few men that Jasper Sherry and the Bow street runners were after.

When the door burst open and two men stalked in, bringing a near bil-

lard with them, there were cries of protest. The crowd died very quickly. One of the newcomers stood and glared. Sticky and immensely vain, he played his legs already and looked around. His face was dominated by a high nose, with piercing blue eyes set deep on either side of it. A stullen, vicious mouth completed a head set-up of evil strength.

"Come on, Rawo," he growled at his companion. "There's some 'ole with the guts to stand up to Tom Hickman." He faced the room. "G! 'is name, plenty o' room," he shouted. He turned to the fire and picked up the poker. By the fire, a little white terror remained, sleeping. Hickman roused the poker and smashed at the sleeping dog, breaking its back.

The two men swapped in the bar. Drunk when they came in, they were further gone, past midnight, when Hickman threw his partner at the barman, and turned to the door. They dambled into their riot, and Hickman driving, forced the horse into a gallop down the London Road. Less than a mile away, they came up behind a heavy farm wagon, driven by a dainty jockey.

"Out of the way, you—" shouted Hickman, as he made to drive between the wagon and the ditch, on the near side. The man on the wagon woke sharply and, under the impression somebody wanted to pass him on ahead, pulled in. The heavy farm wagon crashed into the gate. Over it went, and with it Hickman and his passenger. The wheels of the wagon crushed Hickman's head, while the other broke his neck in the fall.

So, on the Great North Road, died Tom Hickman, better known as "The German," one of the most vicious brutes known in sporting history. Tom Hickman was born in Worcester in 1815. From the time

that he could first make his fists, he was a bully and a practiced poker of a most selfish turn of mind.

He drifted to London in 1812, and went to work for the newly-formed Gaslight and Color Company. He became known as "The German," and soon gained notoriety as a street fighter. He knew nothing about boxing, relying on the fact that he could take apparently unlimited punishment and wear his opponents out with his overwhelming rushes.

Faced, a coalition of his enemies decided to tame him. They waited for him outside his favorite pub one evening with the idea of beating him up. He not only was not beaten up, but he put several of the would-be heroes in the infirmary.

This exploit not only set the rest of his local fans, but attracted the attention of the prominent pugilist, Don Shalton.

The two, who shared a fondness for fighting, drink, women and brutal honesty, became friends immediately, and Shalton decided to introduce Hickman to the Prime Ring. A boxer, a Mr. Elliott, was found, and Mr. Hickman made his prize ring debut against one Peter Crowley, whom he battered unmercifully in 1846 minutes. When it was also revealed that the German had broken a finger early in the fight, he was definitely "in."

His next bout was with a much more highly rated man, a George Cooper, whom he defeated easily the first time in 18 minutes, the second in 1. Another highly rated pug on Tom Oliver went down under Hickman's rushes.

His success turned Hickman into as near an approach to a complete brute as it is possible to imagine. He drank even more heavily. When his boxer, Elliott, pumpestrated with him, he fell on him with kicks and



JIM was dying. Joe sat patiently beside him. The doctored man hastily cleared his conscience. "Son," he explained humbly, "I've a confession to make. I robbed the firm of \$1000, I stole our secret formula for \$2000; I stole the letter from your drawer that got you with her divorce; I . . . " Joe raised a comforting hand. "Think nothing of it, Jim. 'Tis the man who poisoned you."

blown and injured him badly.

He pushed on unfeeling men in the street, and battered down into insensibility. His appearance in any pub was a signal for fearful silence.

He rightly should have stopped a bullet from half a dozen potent Ragsdale backs who had been the subject of his assaults.

He had no friends, except one, Tom Ross, a university man of London, who framed on his minister's seat. He had other friends, but these loved no better than anybody else if they dared to differ with Gus.

His mode of living—and the fear that his brutal assaults would bring the law on them, as well as himself—led them to a decision that seriously should communicate with him. A council of wags and rascals decided that none of them would do the job, which would be entrusted to one Joe Nathan, an old man, badly respected in boxing circles.

Nathan contacted Hickman, heard him in silence, then packed him up and battered him into unconscious-

ness, from which he never recovered. He died some days after.

There was murder. Now it was turned up will always be a mystery.

The Gansons were on his breath was, hated and feared.

He had invented a punch, which he himself called "The Whizzer Blow." This blow, a strong right hook, landed on the angle of the jaw, just under the ear. It generally managed to capture the blood vessels there, and at the same time put the recipient into a semi-coma.

Down to Bristol, which remained dark with some justification as the home of Mike Fighting and Prize Fighters since the proportionate claims from London. The town that had given the ring Jim Bolcher, Tom Cribb, Ben Pearson, John Gully and many others, wasn't going to stand for it.

Up from the West to London came a challenge. A Bristol man would fight "Gus," if somebody would back the Londoner for \$200. The terms were agreed to, and up came the Bristolian, Bill Neale, a fourteen stone bruiser, with the masculine development of a young bull.

Even though he outwitted Gus by nearly two stone and topped him by three inches, the Londoner wouldn't hear of defeat. Neither, of course, would Hickman.

The fight was set down for a spot at Hammersmith Pavilion, on December 14, 1911. All London worked to be there, and the crowd was estimated at 25,000. Cherry farmers let their wagons out at as much as 15 pence a time . . . as grandstands.

The fight has been immortalized by Hailst, the copyist. His tale of how Neale appeared clumsy by comparison with The German (who, incidentally, was also one of the best horn-pipe dancers of his day)

But "Gus" found only in the fight that his rushes were of little effect against the rock-like effect of Neale's defense. He found more. He missed with a blow and a quick counter from the Bristol man, which landed on his forehead, made him stag.

Hickman continued to rush. But in the fourth round, the tide of the fight set fair against him when Neale out-stepped a rush and smashed a fearful right hand with a downward motion—a punch that had Hickman's face open from ear to jaw.

Hickman somehow managed to tie the match for the next round. Like some survivors from a pre-historic age, he hunked himself on Neale with a wild scream. Neale stopped back, then smashed a left that went in to smash on the already broken flesh like a pile driver. Down went The Gansons. But—with the half-minute spell to run feeling into his battered body and breath now restored—he was back again, to be smashed to smith once more.

In the eighth round, one of Neale's hammer blows caught "Gus" full on the point. In Paragraphs, the Mirror gives eye-witness story of the fight says "Neale stood motionless for perhaps three seconds, then appeared to jump off the ground, his arms flailing to his sides, then down he went like a log on his back. The shock was so great that his hands flew up over his head. He was totally insensible."

Yet he was back at the end of two.

In the twelfth, according to Hailst, Neale planted yet another blow on his terribly battered opponent. Says Hailst: "It was doubtful whether Hickman would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended in the air for a moment or two, then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the

sky. All traces of life were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head spouting blood."

His more reticent The Gansons listed. But when time was called for the 15th, he had to be led to the mark. When he got there, he began to laugh hysterically. Then he asked: "Where's Neale, I can't see him, I am blind."

Hickman was more than blind. He had been battered well beyond the point of physical and mental endurance. His injured leg has never recovered.

Neale advanced on him. He pushed "Gus" with his open hand, and the Gansons fell on his back.

The fight had lasted 284 minutes. Neale and badly Hickman was, but there was something heroic about the courage he displayed that day.

Better for his memory had he died then. But he didn't die. He threw off the effects of the fight, and began to heat and brag, and claimed that he had thrown the fight.

Neale and his backers challenged him to make good his boasts in the Ring, but he could not find a backer for such a boldness.

His character, bad as it had been, became worse. He struck often and hard—and not always with his fists. Only Neale, his bosom buddy, stuck to him. They went to fight, Hickman generally ascending into old master Shelley, and looking him as well.

For a man of more sensibility than Hickman, the date, December 14, should have meant something. He could scarcely call the anniversary of his beating at the hands of Neale his lucky day.

The best that could be said of that day a year before, was that he had avoided death . . . only because they had an appointment 12 months hence on the Great North Road.



KILLER NEAR AT HAND



*A FLASH GUN INVESTIGATION
SCENARIO BY PAUL BROWN
DIALOGUE BY PAUL BROWN*

MRS. VANDERBORN AND HER GIRL FRIEND DIANA BROWN, SPENDING A WARM AFTERNOON RELAXING IN THE VANDERBORN SWIMMING CASH.



SYNOPSIS: VANDERBORN, DURING THE HEAT OF THE SUMMER, SPENDING A WARM AFTERNOON RELAXING IN THE VANDERBORN SWIMMING CASH.



• Chemistry's greatest contribution to civilization: Murder • Which . . . while we're on the subject of science . . . reminds us that streptomycin doesn't seem to be a compromise between the law of gravity and the law of decency • Whoozup! Our Office Casseroles was inspired to remark that if you want a pet around the house, buy it—don't marry it • Our Tiny Tots Correspondent: A boy is a male who is in the disintegrating stage • Young men are apt to think themselves wise enough, just as drunken men are apt to think themselves sober enough • Margaret from a society column: "A small description was held by the bride's parents after the ceremony" • Overboard: "Won't television be wonderful; if you close your eyes it'll be just like listening to the wireless" • Our sports writer finds that most professional boxers keep good hours, retiring early at night—sad, of course, do their best to rise before ten • Refractory Section: A tree is a thing that stands in the same place for 30 years and then suddenly jumps in front of a woman driver • Conversation Piece: "Is the pleasure of the next dance real?" • Refractory • Definition for Devoted Fathers: Bush Mowry: The fee paid in a baby-sitter • And that's life—an eternal struggle to keep one's earning capacity up to one's yearning capacity • Then hurrying us naturally to our Financial Section: Mowry talks, nowadays it goes without saying • But what's all this about the inflation business; after all, instead of not having money you haven't got, you have twice so much that it's worth only half as much as you haven't got • From Our Philosophic Philosopher: We will defend the right of any man to say what he thinks—provided that he thinks • Cafe Charter: Sandwich spread is what some people get from eating between meals • For The Man On The Lane: When Strawberry's dry, think nothing of it; a camel is merely a cow that has related itself • Which—our discussers reasons—leads us to announce that there are many two-wives of our acquaintance who would be dead if they didn't have the right consciousness • We believe they're saying sound of the Education Department that school-districts only get stop-gap jobs •

OUR SHORT STORY. We know a man who decided to reform. The first week he cut out smoking; the second week he cut out drinking; the third week he cut out women; the fourth week he cut out paper dolls.

HAVING FINISHED THE NEWS THAT NORTON'S SYLVIA GIVES TO THE BIG WINDOW, ADVISES THE VIEW, AND LOOKS FOR THE RETURN OF HER HUSBAND MILTON.



MILTON VANDERBORG AND HARVEY GLOOM, IN THE BOAT, AFTER WILD CHASE, ARE RETURNING IN VANDERBORG'S LAUNCH.



HARVEY GLOOM IS SPRAWLED IN THE BOTTOM OF THE LAUNCH THERE IS NO SIGN OF VANDERBORG.



AMAZED TO FIND HARVEY GLOOM, BACKY WOUND BY GUNSHOT, AND UNCONSCIOUS, SYLVIA TRIES TO REVIVE HIM WHILE DIANA CALLS A DOCTOR.



SYLVIA SEES THAT THE LAUNCH IS CARRYING ONLY ONE MAN, BUT SHE CLIMBS DOWN THE RIVER, SEEING WHO IT IS.



ALARMED BECAUSE ONLY ONE MAN IN THE BOAT, SYLVIA AND HER FRIEND DIANA LOOK OUT, AND SEE FLASHING SIGNALS.



DIANA TWENTY FEET FROM THE TOWNSHIP OF SANDHOLE OF HARVEY'S FATHER'S HOUSE GLOOM UP, AND LEAVES.



WE NEVER SAW WHO SHOT AT US ON THE TRAIL. MILTON PITCHED OVERBOARD. I WAS DRUGGED OUT BY THE PAIN.



SYLVIA LEADS THE WAY DOWN TO THE JETTY.



AND AS THE ONE MAN SEEMS TO HAVE LOST CONTROL OF THE LAUNCH, THEY JUMP INTO THE SPACED OUT AND GO TO BRING IT IN.



REMEMBERING WHAT SHE HAD READ IN THE PAPER, SYLVIA VANDERBORG CALLS FLASH GUN TO ASSIST TELLING HIM OF HARVEY'S MURDER, CALLS THE POLICE.



THAT NIGHT THERE IS LITTLE NEWS AT VANDERBORG'S CASH AS THE POLICE TAKE STATEMENTS AND SEARCH THE PLACE.



WHILE ALL HE BURY THE
BONES THROUGH THE
CAMPER'S OF SURROUND
THE FOREST A MAN
APPROACHES
CARTER



THE INTRUDER HE TACKLED
FROM BEHIND BY A POLICE
GUARD
CARTER



-BUT A REPORT OF SHOTS
CHANGED EVERYTHING.....
CARTER



AND FLASH CAIN ENTER
THE CASE, BRINGING
ON HIM THE POLICE
GUARD STAYING TO
KEEP INTRUDERS OUT.....
CARTER



THE LOCAL SHERIFF
MEETS CAIN AND ASKS
QUESTIONS OF HIS
BROTHER. IT IS POSSIBLE
TO WORK FOR VALUABLE
GEM'S BODY IN THE
REWARD AT NIGHT
CARTER



THE POLICE SEARCHING
TOWN, NOW, CAIN
SAVES BUT EVEN SYLVIA
IS AGAINST SUCH A
WORTHLESS TRAIL, BUT
HARDEN IS ALL FOR
HIM AND HIS FRIEND
CARTER



HARRY SUTTON SAYS HE
IS WELL ENOUGH TO ACT
AS GUARD, BOTH
SYLVIA AND DIANA
POINT ON GOING FOR
CARTER



READY THE SMALL PARTY
ACCOMPANIED BY TWO
OF THE POLICE, GO
AND MILTON WARDEN
GEM'S BODY
CARTER



"THIS WAS THE SPOT OF
THE CASE, BUT I
CAN ASSURE YOU,
THE POLICE WERE
NOT HERE."



SYLVIA, FINDING SHE
HEARS A SOUND, CALLS
FOR SILENCE
CARTER



A SHOT CRACKS
THROUGH THE NIGHT
DIANA SUTTON RUNS
AGAINST FLASH CAIN.....
CARTER



A WOMAN SCREAMS
AND THE LIGHT GOES
OUT. POLICE AT ONCE
WENT TO SEARCH
FOR RUNNING BACK
TOWARD FLASH
CARTER



CAN RESPOND LIGHT,
AND BY IT DIANA
SLUDDON IS SEEN TO
BE DRINKING THE
BLOOD STAINS THE
FRONT OF HER DRESS



THE AGGRESSIVE SEARCH
REVEALS IN THE CABIN
DIANA SLUDDON IS FOUND
TO BE DEAD. SYLVIA
VANLENDON IS GRABBED
HARRY SLUDDON POINTS
AN ACCUSING FINGER
AT CAN



SO THE PUNCHLINE WAS
NO ACCIDENT - JUST A
TRAP INTO WHICH BLIND
CAN FELL MEANTIME



HIS ANKLE TWISTED BY
THE FALL, CAN YIELDS TO
CRAWL OUT ON TROUBLE



THERE IS ALL YOUR FAULTY
CAN WITH YOUR MAD
IDEAS I'D DO YOU
COMMON SEARCH AT
NIGHT



I THOUGHT YOU WERE
GOOD. MY CAN. BUT
YOU HAVE SUNKED IT
AND CAUSED A DEATH
PLEASE GO I'LL SEND
YOU A CHECK



"AND HIS HANDS EN-
COUNTED A BOTTLE HE
POUNCED AND SMASHED
THE FRESH SMELL TELLING
HIM IT IS NEWLY THERE



HE RECOGNIZES THE BRAND
OF THE FUR, SUCH ALARM
TO THAT SEEN IN THE
HUNTING CAN



DISMISSED CAN FINDS
THAT HE CANNOT LEAVE
BECAUSE HE HAS A
FLAT TYRE



AS FLIGHT IS CHANGING
THE TYRE HE IS
ASSAULTED FROM BEHIND



CAN'S MIND STARTS
WORKING. HE REALIZES
THAT HIS ASSAULT
MUST HAVE COME FROM
THE CABIN, AND COULD
NOT BE A WOMAN



CAN SEES THAT SOMEONE
THING HAS BEEN ALARM
IN THE HOUSE



CAVERN of the CROW

Caught in the vast immensity of the dark cave, Clowes was overwhelmed by a tremendous horror—of what?

JACK PEARSON • FICTION

THEY were there. The sun streaked through the trees, cascaded down the moss-clad rocks and gushed in blinding rivulets across the gully of the valley, while the rusty steam-ward thickened and loomed like the host of some giant war-lens. But Curt Clowes knew that they were there. Holston . . . unknown . . . unspeakable, perhaps . . . yet sometimes, over the stupor of the hunt, it was almost as if he could hear them.

His water-soaked, filk's boots squelched and slithered on the stone and the raw-toothed edge of a broken boulder jured at his side. His khaki shorts and shirt were beflowered and a

thin smear of blood smeared in a pinkish film across a long gash on his thigh. A clammy sweat mingled with the raindrops which dripped from the black stalactite of beard on his unshaven cheeks.

He murmured and peeped himself upon the boulder. His blue eyes, widened in a vacant stare, gazed about him like a trapped beast's. His legs were twisted in a beast's snarl. His naked, narrow chest pulsed with deep, heaving sighs.

His head, with its drenched, brown hair, was bare and another pinkish film of blood trickled from a gash in his scalp.

As if stirred to greater mystery



by his helplessness, the squalls struck at him still more bitterly. Though he felt no chill from the cold, Curt Clowes shuddered with chattering teeth. He thrust himself away from the boulder and staggered on.

To the right and to the left of him, high from a tangle of firs, maples and beech-gums, armed slopes rose steeply to the crags of the valley's rim. Weather-weathered logs sprawled like the gray forms of obscene reptiles in the undergrowth.

In the sudden flash of flame, Clowes glimpsed a crowd of evil shapes.

Decayed tree stumps looked like saw-toothed mounds. Sparse patches of grass uplatched layers of fallen leaves with a greeny foam of decay. Tall trunks of saplings straggled in a ghastly colonnade. Buried in mist, the valley was without beginning and without end. There was nothing in it that spoke of life . . . except the howl of the storm.

the squabbling either of the men's boots—and the unseen, but over-suspected presence of Thera.

A wilder gust of wind shattered itself into echoes on the wings, filling the hall with a thousand yelling voices. Curt Claven tossed up his arms . . . it might have been in prayer . . . and saved himself into a tottering run. Anything to escape . . . from Thera. Escape . . . anywhere . . . anywhere . . . but fast.

It had been only by accident that he had chanced upon the note. He had been browsing idly through a bundle of old manuscripts . . . dusty relics of the earliest days . . . when his eye had been caught by a few words printed in a spidery 15th Century script.

" . . . But more of these *maria fragens*," he had read, "Greene would or could not say."

The anthropologist's interest had been crossed. He had not himself to study the manuscript more closely. It had been much damaged and worn and, here and there, fine had faded the ink into illegibility; but at last he had managed to decipher most of it.

It was, so Claven had gathered, an official report on the occupation of an escaped convict . . . a William Greene.

Apparently, Greene had fled from Sydney Town early in the presence of that choleric ancestor, Captain Blazer. He had disappeared one night into the bush, pressing westward towards the deadly blue range of hills which had lured so many of his kind with a vague dream of freedom to the virtual certainty of a tortured death.

As the months had passed into years, his name had been struck from the rolls. He had been remembered—at once he was remembered—merely as another of those who, maddened into insane rebelliousness by the bush,

had sought to find a refuge in the Unknown, only to end their search by dying languently from starvation and exposure or swiftly under the spears of unshaken troopers.

Then, when he had seemed to be even a memory, he had returned, unpredictably . . . miraculously almost . . . alive.

"The wild Greene," the manuscript continued, "was some time by a river near to Parramatta. He was burned black with the sun and naked as the day when he was mother-born. Scars, such as the natives use to adorn themselves, were carved fresh on his body. Of weapons, he carried none; but a band of kangaroo hide was bound about his long black hair. When Mr. Mathews, the policeman, would have seized his name, he seemed to have no knowledge left of his English tongue, but babbled whatever, the while gesturing excitedly behind him, as if some evil followed in his wake. Observing in the beyond nothing out of the usual or usual-tourary, Mr. Mathews suspected that the unfortunate fellow's sufferings had turned his wife and, slipping a leather thong about his wrist, he tied him to the saddle and so led him to Parramatta.

"At Parramatta, he was by the direction of Mr. Mathews, named, as that little by little—the words of his tongue were recalled to him and he began—though stumblingly—to recount his adventures."

The manuscript went on to relate how Greene had reached the foothills of the range. By then, however, he had been so weak from hunger and exhaustion that he had not had strength to travel further. Lashed against a tree, he had resigned himself to death when, without warning, he had found himself surrounded by a mob of wandering natives. The following appearance had been de-



Triple Action Mobiloil

SAVES COSTLY ENGINE REPAIRS

CLEANS - yes

... prevents the formation of harmful deposits bottom of its widespread detergent characteristics

RESISTS OXIDATION - yes

... ensures you greater protection against corrosion and wear of all engine parts

LUBRICATES - yes

... because of a dense engine oil coat of petroleum of stable solvent refining and resistance to change in body as temperatures alter



RAYMOND OIL COMPANY PVT. LTD. (Incorporated in England)

... Sydney and
had conductor recently began
to turn in an undeniably
large increase in receipts.

"But overall do you get
£30 and £50 an afternoon
for a line that hasn't been
averaging more than £12?"
the harassed authorities de-
manded.

"Ah, think nothing of it,"
the conductor replied. "Busi-
ness wasn't so good on my
line, so I took the bus and
ran it up and down Pres-
ident."

being his fate when an old woman
had suddenly pushed her way
through their ranks and, sleeping
in her strong arms, had claimed
him as Grouse, her dead son . . . now
restored to her, white-skinned, from
the land of the Rainbow Serpent.

The tribesman had believed that
they had saved Grouse to their
camp in the range and had fed him
back to health. They had inflicted
him into the clan, given him a dozen
and a wife and accepted him as one
of themselves. He had hunted with
them, corroborated with them, fought
with them in their battle, brother-
hood better. And, in his fashion, he
had been happy.

Until, one day, but on the track of
hunger, he had danced on the
valley. He had been as eager as the
clan that he had not noticed the
sinking sun and twilight had taken
him unaware. He had been as he
used to tramp the long miles back to
the camp in the darkness and had
been prepared for a night on the open
when, half-conscious by the star-

less, he had glimpsed a cone high in
the valley slope.

"To the cave," the manuscript
stated. "Grouse climbed. Though the
entrance was exceedingly small and
difficult to accomplish, made the move
spread roughly broad and lowered up
to a vaulted roof like a huge humped
hill. It was now night and Grouse
knelt himself with kneeling a floor
that he saw before him such a sight
as few men can have seen. Even
Grouse had felt a shiver of doubt.

"From floor to roof, the walls of
the cave were covered with a multi-
tude of painted images, dashed in the
red and yellow and white clay
and the black ash, such as the natives
use, but the images themselves re-
sembled nothing Grouse had ever be-
fore encountered, either among the
tribe whose life he had shared or any
other of those whom he had met.
"First manner of men had formed
these images . . . of, indeed, men, they
had been . . . Grouse could hardly
as gaze."

It was at this point that Grouse
had been dismissed to find the manu-
script became almost totally obscure.
The solitary writing had failed to
show that the ink might have been
deliberately erased. The street that
Grouse had been able to accomplish
was to play together a few disjointed
phrases . . . hissing enough in what
they seemed to imply; but with no
hint whether they recorded a sober
report of fact or the ravings of a
demented runaway. The painted
symbols on Grouse's forehead had
puzzled deeper as he had read.

" . . . gazing at the images . . . when,
shadowy from the glow of the cave
 . . . creeping . . . half-over through
the amorphous shapes . . . horrible and
dead . . . nervously misshapen; but
how he did not describe . . . a creature
of terror . . . there a dozen times

had been blotched beyond hope of
repair) . . . as struggled out of the
valley . . . down through the forest
hills and on to the plains . . ."

Then followed the words which had
first aroused Grouse's attention.

"But none of these were images
Grouse would or could not see. Quar-
tered, he stretched fearfully with
long between knees, seeking to and
two as native women do when they
mourn and wait their death-plank.
"Red! Red! Red! Red! Red! Red! Red!
Red! Red! which in their language
means, "Evil! Great Evil! And greater
Evil to Come!" It was observed, also,
that when a crow saved, Grouse
would cover with silence terror and
whisper pitifully. No reassurance
or consolation could persuade him
from these unreasoning fears and it
is suspected that the man's mind has
been permanently damaged by his
presented. Sentence suspended.
Grated light-of-day: September
11, 1909."

Another and a second hand had
annotated a corner of the manuscript:
"Grouse (William) Found humped, a
valley, October 11, 1909."

Grouse had not started clearly at
the three-petaled paper in his fingers,
vague wonderings plunging a new
man-cave of painted burrows on his
forehead. Then, with startling
clarity, a word had seemed to leap
at him from the page . . . "Crow."

"The crowing of a crow" . . .
With an almost physical effort, he
had fought down a spurt of sudden
excitement. Not . . . it couldn't be
possible . . . it was too absurd . . .
and yet . . .

The heart of man in those
"painted images" which "resembled
nothing Grouse had ever encountered
among the tribesmen" . . . the stig-
mata of painted light . . . and the
old leg's winging, gleaming at the
more sound of a crow . . .

In a queer sort of way it did add
up, Grouse had reasoned himself.
There was no denying that, through-
out Australia, the tribesmen had been
drawn into the two great totemic
secret societies of Eaglehawk and
Crow . . . blood-brothers and yet
enemies . . . separated by their
ancient legends, yet bound together
by the those which forbade that
Eaglehawk should mate with Eagle-
hawk or Crow with Crow.

Which—according to tribal folk-lore,
at all events—was a symbol of what
had happened in his land uncounted
years before a white man had ever
glimpsed its shores.

At first, far back in the Dream-
Time—the dreamtime claimed—the
land had been owned by a strange,
prowling people . . . not very far
removed from beasts . . . eaters of
meat and shell . . . with little skill
in hunting and no time for war . . .
shiny-black, eyes men . . . white
when had been the Crow.

Then, out of the Unknown, there
had come another people . . . tall,
copper-brown, hawk-nosed men . . .
hunters and warriors . . . gliding and
savage to kill. And they had not
known the Crow; the force spent of
the Eaglehawk had led them to con-
quest.

So the men of the Eaglehawk had
fallen upon the Crowmen . . . har-
rying them . . . attempting their complex
plans into a sort of distraction . . .
slaying children and wounding grand-
mothers, the youths and the elders
 . . . slandering the young women, humili-
ating them and absorbing them . . .
driving the Crow people farther and
farther to the South . . . until, at
the end, no true man of the Crow
tribe had remained.

Or had there been none? It was
something which Grouse had scarcely
dared to suppose, it seemed so close
to insanity. But what if Grouse had

Charles Hart, 35-year-old British athlete, has made it a life-long habit to compete against horses in races. Recently, he beat four of them. "By a short head" and several horse of enthusiasm, he got home first after challenging a century-old stage coach driven by four greyhounds in fifteen and a quarter mile course. Charles and the coach crossed the distance in just over four hours.

actually stumbled into some secret valley which contained some forgotten vestiges of the ancient Crow culture, overlooked in the general ecstacy. Perhaps he might even have chanced on a sparse remnant of the Crow people themselves? If he had, late what dark, barbaric rites might he not have intruded upon? What exotic festivals and bizarre ceremonies?

Chastising himself impatiently, Cleves had tossed the manuscript among the others on his desk. No man living imagination make a drama out of him. The story was absolutely too absurd. All the known facts were against it.

It was true, of course, that some of the Crow people had lingered on in Treason . . . even into the days of white settlement. But they had vanished generations ago when the wrinkled corpse of Treason had lost of her race, had been lowered into the grave.

And, on the mainland, no trace of the real Crow people had ever been found, except when now and again

some throw-back's ape-like jaw and lanky, tufted hair betrayed the Crow girls with whom his ancestors had bedded . . . and the Crow women which had somehow managed to persist—chiefly, perhaps, because of the influence of those same tails.

No, it was quite ridiculous, Cleves had rebuked himself. The whole affair was based either on the ravings of some poor, deranged idiot, driven out of his wits by loneliness and privations or a deliberate set of lies, fabricated with the running of a foolhardy who, thinking back to what passed for civilization, hoped by an exaggerated account of his sufferings to avoid an employer's flogging. Which ever it might be was entirely immaterial. The story was plainly beneath rational consideration.

Shuffling the manuscripts into a loose bundle, Cleves had locked them in the lower drawer of the desk and dismissed the matter from his mind.

Once or twice during the weeks that followed, he had caught himself debating whether he should unlock the drawer and study the manuscript more minutely; but he had resisted the impulse. After all, he had been able to observe no good purpose in repeating the risk of making a fool of himself . . . scientifically-speaking or otherwise. He had more urgent things that needed his attention. In the east-of-the-river battle of letters and clauses, the manuscript slipped out of memory.

Indeed, his venting had been drawing to a close before he again remembered Greene. A solitary walk with ponderous episodes of the hammer race and its basket, Cleves liked to be alone.

With this as his ambition, he had taken himself off to a highly unpopular land, therefore—so *him*—extremely pleasant! greenhouse in the heart of the Mountains. There he had spent

his days tramping happily over the ranges and his nights sucking contentedly at his pipe as he catalogued the notes he had made on some very interesting specimens of domestic bone which had lately been forwarded to him.

At least, the specimens had been very interesting to Cleves. There had seemed to be something fascinatingly peculiar about them which prevented him from filing them into any known classification. But Cleves had accepted that as a challenge and had not been unduly depressed about his chances of ultimate success.

So his mood had been cheerful the afternoon that he had topped the ridge and had seen the valley stretching in a mass of jagged rock beneath his feet. Surrounded as it was by a knife-edge of black granite, it had for a moment, appeared to be a blind alley . . . without beginning and without end. Then he had noticed what might have been a primitive stairway . . . a straggled line of disapparently boulders spaced at uneven intervals down to the valley's floor.

Pausing only to light his pipe, he had begun the descent. It had not proved so easy as it had looked. The distance between the boulders had been deceptive. Many of them had been set far apart in a kind of giant's staircase . . . much too wide for a human's stride. Once he had made the mistake of trying to spring from one to the other; but his brow had decided on the more-grained rocks and he had fallen heavily. After that, he had been satisfied to scramble precariously from stone to stone down the steep, broken-stemmed slope.

Eventually, he had plucked the bottom of the valley . . . a trail braided and tattered; but with no more ruggedness than he felt he had a right to expect. As a matter of fact,

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he had been rather enjoying the experience. It had been, as though he had plunged, a long, agonized, raw the artificial symphony of a virgin jungle. Skistones of leaves, piled in continuous-thick layers, had yielded soggily under his weight. About him, swarming clumps of saplings . . . crept and to-ing and fro-ing . . . had wrestled strenuously with each other in a dumb, but nonetheless vicious, struggle for life. Here and there about him, towering freckles and blackheads . . . victims in the endless battle . . . had reared their defiant bulk. And from tree trunk to tree trunk, leaved vines had entwined themselves like the couplings of unshakable couples . . . fighting some blind dumb battle.

The whole valley had been shrouded in a gloomish twilight, for the sun's rays scarcely penetrated the trifling canopy of leaves and revealed from the jutting shadows of the granite crags.

As he gazed about him, Cleaves had been oddly assured to realize that he was again reminded of Gerson and his valley. God, he told himself almost with a tinge of awe, suppose Gerson really did choose on a valley . . . if he had, it must have been something like this . . . it could have been this . . .

The twilight of the valley had deepened, a chill mist of rain had spattered through the trees; beyond the valley's rim, a purplish curtain of cloud had been drawn slowly across the sun; and the first shrill blast of a storm-wind had whistled in the top of the trees.

It had not been only the cold which had made Cleaves shudder. As the sun's rays had been blotted out of existence, the valley had seemed to close in around him . . . encompassing up on him with the steady recovery of a jungle heart. The num-

ing wind had swelled to a storm; the purplish cloud had burst apart; and the rain had crashed down in a commanding torrent.

For a second, Cleaves had passed there, motionless . . . stunned by the swift violence of the attack into a semi-paralysis. Then, with a gasp of comprehension, he had brushed aside his coma and regained his wits. God, what a hell of a fix to be in! Miles from anywhere . . . with no hope of shelter . . . in rain which might last for days.

Cleaves had cursed himself for his own stupidity in venturing so carelessly into the valley. But what had been the use of crying over spilled milk? He was in it now; he must get out as best he could.

Though the rain made it difficult to decide, the sun had seemed to heat in from the east. Which meant that the best chance of some kind of shelter lay under the valley's eastern wall. Clinging a path through a dense grove of li-trees, Cleaves had commenced to scramble up the slope.

The little town of the li-trees had stretched at him like little clinging hands. Sudden peaks of day had moved him to the saddle. It had almost been as if the mass was a living thing, eager to wrench his feet from under him and hurl him down the slope. Yet, handhold by handhold, he had clambered up the cliff. A huge rhinoceros boulder had loomed before him. Somehow he had surmounted it . . . and there, draped and landfilled with branches, had gaped a circular opening, yawning like a hungry mouth in the rock.

It had been a cave, a ghostly, tomb-like cave, black as pitch.

And it had also been any port in a storm. With an agility he had never suspected he possessed, Cleaves had thrust head and shoulders into



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Will-power, eh? James C. Bellows, Mountbatten (USA), besought to his grand-children "my ability to relate jokes and see the lighter and brighter side of life." Mrs. Anne Kell Rosebush, of Los Angeles, left her two sons one dollar "to buy a rope to hang themselves." More training was Thomas Foster, of Toronto, who left 1200 dollars to "the Toronto mother bearing the largest number of children in ten years."

the entrance and began to crawl along the narrow tunnel that boreal into the granite.

The tunnel had been so cramped that he had not been able to rise even to hands and knees. Splinters of stone had scratched his body and dirt had seeped in a sticky film, caking his nostrils and sending him to sneeze. The air had been rotten with the fetid stench of decomposition, but he had wriggled on.

Like a worm, he had strained on his belly until, his always feeble strength now nearly spent, he had managed (without understanding why) that there was no longer rock pinning him in and he had bitten back a gulp of satisfaction.

Suddenly, he had lowered himself first to his hands and then feet. He had stood on the surface of a fallow-field, opaque immensity . . . a starless vision of eternal night . . . in which even the tunnel's end was invisible. All his ears heard had been the panting of his own breath. He had been blind with a vast loneliness. All the child's agonized fear for the dark had

observed him. "Light" a soothing voice had kept repeating in his brain. "Light! He must have light! He would go mad without light!"

A flash of silver pain had seared through him. Michael! He had had matches in the pocket of his shorts. He had fumbled for them with trembling fingers. Yes, thank God, they had been there . . . and still dry in their tin container.

A shivering sweat had beaded his forehead as he anxiously uncovered the tin container and struck a match. The tiny flicker of flame had pushed the crouching darkness only a short distance away but enough for him to guess that he was in a tremendous cavern, lit only by some subterranean explosion in the heart of the living rock. He had had no means of measuring the cavern's length or breadth or height; but its floor was littered with sea-accumulated bird droppings, scraps of straw and grass and what looked like bundles of dried twigs. The faint remnant of what might have been an angry twittering had rippled from the recesses of the cave and the match had gone out.

Deprived of the companionship, Cleaver had left himself more than ever unutterably alone. Muddled scrambling together a small heap of bird droppings, grass and crumbling straw, he had struck a second match and kindled a fire.

Chastising it tenderly strew by straw, he had coaxed it into a steady blaze until the bird droppings, too, began to smolder and cast off scald fumes. Encouraged by his success, he had scooped out from the nearest of what seemed to be dry twigs. He had been about to toss it into the flames when he had paused in spite of himself. All his professional training had showed that this was no twig he held in his hands. It was a fragment of bone . . . of fossilized bone. Reprint-

ing in the granite, Cleaver had been to inspect the fragment more intently. He had caught his breath. It was . . . it was fossilized bone . . . it was fossilized human bone . . . a human jaw bone . . . that resembled nothing . . . nothing . . . except—God, how plain it was now—except these other specimens of bone which he had been unable to fit into any known classification. A thousand summers had again dwined in his mind.

In his desperation, he had not noticed the fire dwindle into embers. Turning the bone into the windfall of his shorts, he had again scowled. Suddenly to keep warm had on the rock. The bone had flared over him and in its dim, guttering light, Cleaver had glanced at the scattered twigs-like bundles. Bowed . . . Yes, all of them, bowed!

God, he had asked himself desperately, what was that? A burial ground . . . the ghoulish climatic of some prehistoric creature . . . the final pitiful scene of some race exterminated . . . what?

Cleaver's fate had cleaved and his muscles had tensed in a spasm of that alarm. Amid the bird droppings and litter on the cavern floor, among the scattered bones, was a cluster of burnt-out splinters from what could only have been a crucifix. Inside it, still outlined in the rubble, were two foot-prints, imprinted as if someone had lunged in frenzy towards the tunnel . . .

Cleaver had been stricken with an hysterical desire to run . . . anywhere . . . anywhere . . . but run. So Greene had been telling the truth after all. This wasn't imagination rushing wild . . . this wasn't the delusion of a deranged idiot . . . this was real . . . horribly real . . . this was the cavern of which Greene had found to speak . . . this was . . . yet, this must be purest of conceivable

could be the Cave of the Cross-Men.

Cleaver had gulped down his sick suggestion. Yes, everything linked up. Greene had stumbled into a last refuge of the Cross-Men. The whole grim tale of tragedy was written clearly here. In the cavern, some unwarmed remnant of the Cross-people had sought safety and found death. Guarded by the narrow tunnel entrance, they had been secure . . . so long as they were content to hunk inside. But outside the blood-hounds of the Englishmen had waited . . . and for the Cross people to emerge would have been to die. So they also had waited . . . until, at last, their food was eaten and their water drunk . . . and outside the jaws of the Englishmen had continued with one too . . . and, one by one, the Cross-men had sunk into the mine . . . leaving only their bones behind.

But what was it that had so terrified Greene, Cleaver had wondered. It could not have been the mere sight of death . . . death held no great terror for Greene and his kind . . . so what . . . ?

Cleaver had pruned another gathering of mould on the fire. The flames had spat out sparks. A splash of vivid colour had seemed to glare from the cavern wall.

Through the swarming veil of smoke, Cleaver seemed to glimpse . . . spiralling from floor to ceiling . . . a massing crowd of caricatured shapes . . . squat, ebony-black men . . . broad-chested, lanky-haired women . . . in ones and twos and groups . . . clanking in the unprintably obscene ritual of initiation . . . joining in the crazily electric tangle of the ceremonies . . . the gold of gleam of a unsanctified rice celebrating for ever their Witch's Sabbath.

And, in the midst of them, there had seemed to squat a larger and more malignant figure . . . a man of

Martinez used to be—and still is in some quarters—highly regarded as a specialist. It has been proclaimed, for example, for high blood pressure. At one time, it had the name "Cl-down." In 1939, Dr. John Colebrook advised that "powdered leaves, as much as will be on 60, were to be taken in black-cherry water every morning." Martinez was also used to cure epilepsy—apparently because it grew upside down.

ochre-red, his limbs outlined in white and a halo of yellow circling his head. He hunched cross-legged, his eyes staring at a silver of bone he clasped in his outstretched hands. And it seemed that the bone pointed directly at Cleaves.

And it seemed that the agonized man's silver eyes had glided with venomous sparks of bile . . . while his out-stretched hands forced the bone forward and forward . . . aiming it nearer and nearer to Cleaves' heart. As he did, the other dashed images had seemed to leap and rise in a mad ecstasy.

A mob had shaped itself on Cleaves' lips. With one terror-stricken tug, he had wrenched the lid from the tin container and tipped all his matches on to the fire. A brittle cascade of flame had spelted its destruction sharply through the smoky air. From the rear of the cavern had echoed what might have been the howling of a myriad wings. As the flame faded, Cleaves had seen swing-

ing towards him a multitude of black forms . . . which might have been bats . . . or birds . . . or even crows . . .

He had heard himself screaming. Finally, he had thrust himself through the entrance and the pain had streamed down his face as he bounded for the giant boulder. The stone had wrenched treacherously at his torso and he had crashed headlong on to the rocks of the valley.

When he awoke . . . how could he know how long afterwards? . . . the rain had still been hammering on him and the valley had been pitch-dark. A noise like the whirring of wings had thrilled through the star-speckled firm. Cleaves had begun to run . . .

But Cleaves tottered on through the squalls, deeper and deeper along the valley. They were there. He could never escape them. Wherever he went, they were always at his heels. He could hear them calling out to the other, screaming in his pursuit.

The valley tapered to a thin slit. Curt Cleaves peered to a yawning halt. Before him a cliff pushed down a sheer hundred-feet into a flood-swept creek.

Behind him, a note of mournful wailing mingled with the scream of the wind. They had trapped him at last. But he couldn't let himself be trapped . . . not by them. His face hidden in his hands, Curt Cleaves staggered over the cliff's brow.

"God in heaven," cried the police sergeant, lurching through the breakers. "Just when we get to him, he tips and jumps!"

"Forty pair devils go crazy when they're lost," the constable opined. "Don't suppose he could hear us screaming for him because of the wind."



No other
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It would take either love or murder to make an actress out of glamour-girl Norma.



She moved close and put him there there

IF ONLY something would happen to Norma—like falling in love or killing someone . . .” Nager’s laugh roused her from the hangover was gone. “My better self, both.”

Outside, the cold air stilled at Norma King’s nostrils. Stars glared from a hard-blue desert sky.

She heard Franz Nager continue.

“It’s not your story, Michael. It is not my direction.” His weary voice turned sour. “It’s that Norma King who stinks up our picture.”

“You’re probably right,” Mike Brown’s words were slow, reluctant. “She’s so lovely, and I’m durned if I can see what’s wrong with her acting . . . but it’s her screen that don’t come through.”

Norma knew he was right.

“The women in your story must love, no?” Nager did not wait for a reply. “Love enough to die in this desert for her man’s dream—that she doesn’t even believe in.”

“That’s right.”

“The women who plays such a part must know about love—or be a great artist. Screen differed the director’s voice. “Norma has never loved. And is an artist—except, perhaps, with the stage set. I should know, who have directed since she was ten.”

“What can we do? Half the picture is in the man.”

“And what we have is too big, Michael, to let her ruin. What is good we shall keep—the action, the suspense, the desert. But, Norma we will not keep.” He shrugged. “It will mean much re-shooting, but I have already told her she is through. In the morning I will fire the office.”

Norma watched him that his hands together, shutting off something annoying him. Her.

And the office would do what he told them. She knew.

Slivering in the chilly cold, she saw Mike Brown cross to the office he was sharing with Al McGregor, the assistant director. Given, week-dramas McGregor had whistled Norma since first seeing her. Never in a position to do her any good, he had never rated a second glance.

But, with Al McGregor directing . . .

Norma’s life was the movie—the big money, the glamour. She had never known anything else. When word got around the studios that Norma had been locked out in the middle of a picture, that even Franz Nager had given up on her, it would end the money and the glamour. It would end her life.

She couldn’t let it happen.

Certainly, she smelted the front of her made jacket, its little silver buttons bumping rhythmically under her hand. She patted her shiny hair, making sure it was just right.

Then she walked gracefully, the

way Nager had taught her, up the steps of his cabin, into the living room. The round little men sat on the edge of a chair, his black-rimmed glasses in his pudgy hand.

He stood up, announced “Now, gentlemen, you are not excited? What I tell you before does not enter between us?”

She smiled and answered softly, “It were worth.”

She moved close to him, letting perfume envelope him—and that him three times.

His round face looked surprised, and he fell toward her, claving wildly for her jacket, clawing for his life.

He held on to neither . . .

AN hour later, Norma made another entrance into the cabin’s living room. Mike Brown was already there, along with McGregor and the two male leads. Courtney Roberts was the hero, a big man with a wind-browned face. He heartily believed he was one of the men he portrayed.

Lean and vitamin-looking, Edward Marry played a killer, but the only dangerous thing about him was his old-man’s tongue.

Brown, the young writer, was talking.

“There are only three people in the motor court without sables—your three. Everyone else was with someone.”

“But why would one of us kill Nager?” It was Roberts’ slow drawl. “Personally, I didn’t like his feelings were, but his picture was a sure hit. I wanted it finished.”

“That goes for me too,” Marry whined. “Besides, Franz was the only credited being out here.”

“I couldn’t hurt poor Franz,” Norma wandered at the sweetness of her own voice. “He was my teacher.”

“One of you killed him,” Brown

made them listen. "Any of you could have a secret motive. Why don't you?"

Norma knew the words were aimed at her. She burst in, trying to sound negative. "Of course, those Franz quarrelled with all his actors. Why, only to-night, he threatened to—well, fire me!"

The shrewy laugh rippled the way Nager had taught her.

Brown seemed to pay no attention. "I repeat—one of you killed him."

"What if it is you, Brown?" Robert asked heavily.

"It's something in all of us." Brown's voice was trumpet-dust. "We could flash this picture. Some of the scenes would have to be re-shot without . . . someone. But we'll flash it if we can hand the killer over to the police when they get here."

"And if we can't?" It was Robert's again.

"A full-dress investigation means we're through. They'll put the film in the fire!" He was suddenly very eager. "And we've not something here—with a little revision."

"Will the new patrol-leader dancing in now?" It was Mincey's meddling tone.

The writer stared from one to the other. Suddenly, he said, "Okay. You won't help. But whoever killed Nager made his mistake. Maybe left something behind. I was a reporter long enough to know they always do."

The three men looked a little guilty. Norma wondered why.

Conrady and Moore left abruptly, but McGregor and Norma didn't move. Brown knew Nager planned to fire her. But why didn't he say so?

Why? Why?

Then Norma had the answer. When

Nager first told her about this picture, he explained how Mike Brown insisted on her for the part. She remembered that she was the only woman in the world the rebel would allow to play the heroine for his best-seller.

It occurred more than one problem.

"Go away, Mac, I want to talk to Mr. Brown—alone."

She gave the assistant director a cool put on the cheek as she spoke, and he followed her receding chin from the room.

She moved close to the writer and said, "Please take me to my cabin. I'm scared to go alone."

She held her arm just tight enough to be intimate, and they walked slowly to her husband's. She released his arm and was smiling. "Thanks so much. I do wish I could ask you . . ."

Wordlessly, he swung her into his arms. His lips descended slowly hers. She felt his hard young hands pull her close. And the comically awkward moment refused to come from her throat. Instead, a little sob crested.

Abrupt as a slap in the face, it was warm and fresh as a baby. Falling in love . . . with Mike Brown.

For once, Norma King did not exist. What she had done to Franz Nager hadn't happened. There was nothing in the world but her love for this man.

Suddenly, he was gone, without a word.

Inside her cabin, she stood with her back to the door, breathless. Norma King, who had played a hundred love-scenes for a hundred million people, was in—no, it was someone.

She thought about love. How her parents had loved her—by being a

small miracle that plunged two tired bodies into luxury. How Nager had loved her—for being an exquisite marionette he could push and pull before the camera.

Yes, Mike Brown was the only one that loved with pathos to pain. That's why she—she loved him.

Idly, her hand ran down the cool silver buttons on her jacket, stopped sharply at its bumply little rhythm was broken.

Whoever killed him . . . left something behind.

Frankly, she glanced down the path to Nager's cabin, into the room where his body lay, plump and bleeding. She had to find that button before the police did. She had to love—not for the glamour or the big money, but for her love—for Mike Brown.

Scanning the lighter-flame with her hand, she crept close to Nager. The fact she had to open were sticky with blood where they had tried to hold his life in. But there was no button in them. No sign of a button anywhere.

She moved the body, like a sack of heavy rubbish. Under it, she found

what she was after. With a little gasp of relief, she reached for the gleaming button.

And the light went on.

Mike Brown stood at the light-switch. Beside him, his chin against, was Al McGregor. Norma stared at them with slitted eyes.

The writer said, "So you did it. I had to be sure."

"Now you are." Her laugh was bitter in her mouth. "I killed him." Brown didn't seem to hear. "I had to be sure. That's why I put the button there."

"Yes put—? Where did you get the button?"

"Outside your cabin, when we—when you . . ."

"When I . . ." Her voice was very calm now. " . . . when I fell in love with you."

When the trespass took Norma King away, McGregor said softly to the writer, "Now we can make a real picture—thanks to you."

Brown's reply didn't make much sense.

He said, "When we fell in love . . ."

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Talking Points

AMEAC . . .

Every April 15, men come returned to a detaching band of men who, on that day thirty-one years ago, stood in the half-light of the dawn on the Australian deserts close to the mountain shores of Gallipoli. In this issue ("How Come Back") page 4) E. V. Tamm . . . an engine, Amac and under a leading Australian novelist . . . gives two of his mysteries And measures (with the Tamm's night) are words weaving CUMRAT . . .

In the same vein, may we recommend the article on Page 8. Its author . . . Dick Tolson . . . was one of the outstanding characters of World War II. At the outbreak, he was a professional soldier in the British Army; he transferred to the paratroopers and discovered that life in the air had hardly a dull moment. He was first parachuted behind the lines in Italy where he joined the Italian Underground and wrought various deeds of valour before being recalled to England.

He was then parachuted among the French Maquis and married with them in Peru . . . witnessing, as he said, "various unusual measures of Man in distress."

After T-E Day, he was sent to India to join the partly Chinese Force

in a speeding storm and disposed among the successful Japanese. When last seen by CAVALCADE he was still in Asia . . . brooding gently about White Christmas.

HIGHWAYMEN, NAME . . .

So Dick Turpin was a hell-boy, checked full of deers and an expert horseman to boot? Think twice, brothers, and then read what Walter Henry has to say about Master Turpin on Page 11. You'll be liable to change your opinion of that ready-covert character . . . and you might gain other ideas of Australia's Master Edward Kelly.

DAKE-PIST BOYS . . .

The page who fought with him this book in the days when Hapgood began to tell in trills and small-boys may have been tough, but they could also be heroes. In "Nobody Named The Gunner" (Page 40), Frank Brown witnesses the man who was perhaps the most brutal of them all. Without shyness, pity or even mercy, he sloped his black-stained way until he died in the summer in which he lived. He lived with brutality . . . and he died in brutality. It was as if some dark fire dug his steps to poetic justice . . . and not all the boys who had followed him deplored his passing.

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